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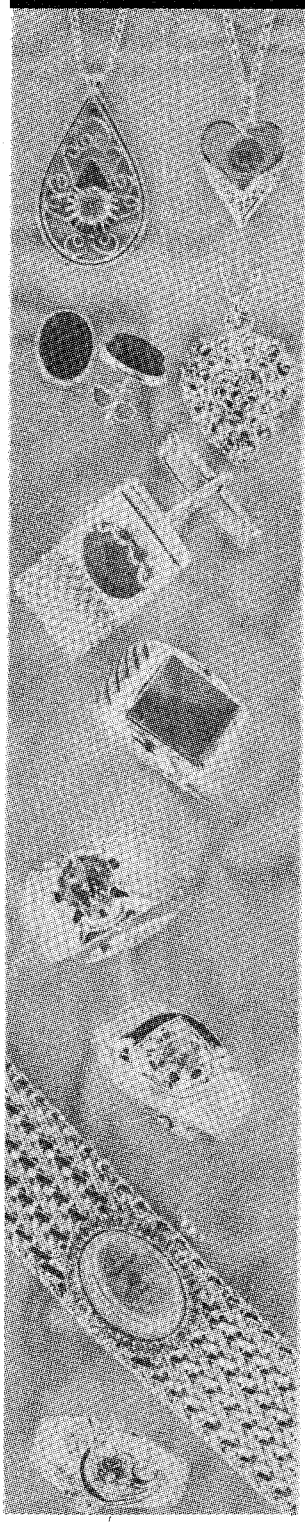

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- "How diamonds and jewels have appeared, seemingly out of nothingness, shortly after the use of this strange secret!"
- "How a man used this method for a pocketful of money!"
- "How a woman used it to fill an empty purse!"
- "How a farmer received a pot full of gold!"
- "How another user Teleported a gold jewel box to her, seemingly out of thin air!"
- "How a woman used this method to regain her lost youth!"
- "How a man, growing bald, claims he renewed the growth of his hair with this secret!"
- "How a woman used it to bring her mate to her, without asking!"
- "How another woman summoned a man to her —out of thin air!"
- "How a man heard the unspoken thoughts of others, with this secret!"
- "How a woman saw behind walls and over great distances, with it!"
- "How a man broadcast silent commands that others had to obey!"

Let us now clearly demonstrate to you the scientific basis behind the new wonderworking, Miracle of TELECULT POWER!

"How Telecult Power Brings Any Desire Easily And Automatically!"

For many years, Reese P. Dubin dreamed of a way to call upon the invisible forces at work all around us. He spent a lifetime digging and searching for the secret. These investigations brought him knowledge that goes back to the dim recesses of the past.

One day, to his astonishment, he discovered that he could actually broadcast silent commands, which others instantly obeyed. Using the secret he tells you about in this book, he tried it time after time — commanding others to sleep, get up and come to him, talk or not talk — and act according to his silent wishes. It worked every time!

Working relentlessly from this evidence, Reese P. Dubin succeeded in perfecting a new kind of instrument — called a Tele-Photo Transmitter — that concentrates your thoughts, and sends them like a streaking bullet to their destination!

OTHERS OBEY SILENT COMMANDS! Writing of the success of this method, one user reports the following experience:

"I willed her to pick up and eat a biscuit from a plate in a corner of the room. She did so. I willed her to shake hands with her mother. She rushed to her mother and stroked her hands . . .

"I willed her to nod. She stood still and bent her head, I willed her to clap her hands, play a note on the piano, write her name, all of which she did."

"No one can escape the power of this method," says Mr. Dubin. "Everybody — high or low, ignorant or wise — all are subject to its spell! And unless the person is told what's being done, he will think the thoughts are his own!"

HEARS THE THOUGHTS OF OTHERS! Experimenting further with the Tele-Photo Transmitter, Reese P. Dubin soon found that he could "tune in" and HEAR the unspoken thoughts of others. He says, "At first, these hearing impressions startled me, and I took them for actual speech, until I realized that people don't usually say such things aloud! And their lips remained closed."

SEES BEYOND WALLS, AND OVER GREAT DISTANCES! Then he discovered he could pick up actual sights, from behind walls and over great distances! And when he "tuned in" he could see actual living scenes before him—as clear as the picture on a television screen!

MAKES WOMAN APPEAR — SEEMINGLY OUT OF THIN AIR! With mounting excitement, Reese P. Dubin launched one of the most exciting experiments in the history of psychic research. He wanted to see if the Tele-Photo Transmitter could bring him an actual material object! He chose, for this experiment, the seemingly impossible: an actual living person!

He simply focused the Tele-Photo Transmitter, by dialing the object of his desire. In a flash the door burst open, and there — standing before him, as real as life — was his long-lost cousin!

He stared and rubbed his eyes, and looked again! There — smiling, with arms outstretched in greeting— stood living proof of the most astounding discovery of the Century!

Dial Any Treasure!

You'll see how to use the Tele-Photo Transmitter, to summon your desires. This special instrument — your mental equipment — requires no wires, and no electricity. "Yet," says Mr. Dubin, "it can teleport desires, swiftly from the invisible world."

When you dial your desire—whether for riches, love, or secret knowledge—you capture its invisible, photoplasmic form, at which point "it starts to materialize!" says Dr. Dubin.

"Telecult Power can work seeming miracles in your life," says Mr. Dubin. "With it, it is possible to dial any desire — called a Photo-Form — then sit back, relax, and watch this powerful secret go to work!"

"Instantly Your Life Is Changed!"

With this secret, the mightiest force in the Universe is at your command! "Simply ask for anything you want," says Mr. Dubin, "whether it be riches, love, fine possessions, power, friends, or secret knowledge!"

Suppose you had dialed Photo-Form #2 for Jewels, for example. That's what Margaret C. did, in an actual example Mr. Dubin tells you about. Rich, glittering diamonds and jewels literally appeared at her feet: a pair of gold earrings, which she found that morning . . . a surprise gift of a pearl necklace, and matching silver bracelets . . . a beautiful platinum ring set with emeralds and diamonds, dropped on her front lawn!

"Almost overnight," says Mr. Dubin, "it can start to multiply riches, bring romance and love . . . draw favors, gifts, new friends . . . or anything else asked for! It isn't necessary for you to understand why. What is important is that it has already worked for many others . . . men and women in all walks of life . . . worked every time . . . and it will work for you, too!"

Brings A Pocket Full Of Money!

You'll see how Jerry D. used this method. He was broke a week before payday. All he did, he says, was to dial Photo-Form #1. Suddenly he felt a bulge in his pocket. Lo and behold! He took out a roll of money . . . fives, tens, twenties . . . and more! Obviously, it had been placed there—but when? And by whom?

A Brand New Car Comes!

Marty C., a taxi driver, reports that he just dialed Photo-Form #4, sat back, relaxed, and waited for things to happen. In a short time, great excitement filled the house. His wife came hurrying in, saying, "We won it! We won a car and a cash prize! They just delivered it!" He got up and went to the window. There, big and beautiful, standing in the driveway, was a brand new Cadillac!

Brings Mate Without Asking!

Mrs. Conrad B. reports that she was tired of "pursuing" her husband, as she called it. She wanted him to voluntarily do the things she longed for, take her places, show affection. But he hadn't looked at her in years. He would fall asleep immediately after supper, or watched the ball games, or read the papers. Secretly Mrs. B. decided to try this method. She dialed Photo-Form #9 for Love! Instantly, her husband's attitude changed from boredom to interest and enthusiasm. And from that day forward, he showered her with kindness and affection! It was like a miracle come true!

The Power Of This Method!

There are so many personal experiences which I could recount, stories of healing, wealth, and happiness with this secret, that I find myself wanting to tell all of them at once. Here are just a few . . .

- **REGAINS HAIR GROWTH!** Walter C. had a shiny bald head with just a fringe of white hair showing around the edges. He tried this method, and soon his hair began to regrow. The new hair came in thick, dark, and luxurious!
- **ROLLS DICE 50 TIMES WITHOUT MISSING ONCE!** You'll see how this secret gave Albert J. the power to roll the dice 50 times, without missing once, and—for the first time in the history of Las Vegas—walk away with $500,000!
- **DISSOLVES ALL EVIL!** You'll see how this amazing secret revealed to Lawrence M. the people who were trying to make him look silly at work—actually revealed their secret thoughts—made them confess and apologize!

If TELECULT POWER can do all this for others, what riches, what rewards, what amazing results can it also bring to you?

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF/Salvatore Gentile
MANAGING EDITOR/John Cofrancesco, Jr.
EDITORIAL MANAGING EDITOR/Edward T. LeBlanc
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ADVERTISING PRODUCTION/Bob Shaw
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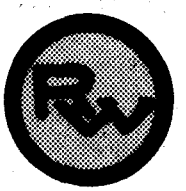

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Volume XVII
Number 132
November 1974

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By Maurice Kildare

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BLACK COWBOY CHARLEY GLASS - MAN OF MYSTERY
By J.R. Kirkpatrick

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MORMONS AND GOLD
By Chad L. Hoopes

●

NO GIRL WAS McGIRL
By Rex Bundy

●

THE DAY BILLY THE KID WAS KILLED
By Carl W. Breihan

●

KIT CARSON AND ALEXIS GODEY
By Clarence M. Fink

●

THE PASSING OF CLOUD DANCER
By Norman B. Wiltsey

●

STAKING CLAIMS ON OPEN LAND
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KING OF THE KLONDIKE
By Norman B. Wiltsey

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●

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REAL WEST published monthly by **CHARLTON PUBLICATIONS, INC.** Division St., Derby, Connecticut 06418. Vol. XVII, No. 132, Nov., 1974. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Derby, Connecticut. Second Class Postage Paid at Derby, Conn. ©Copyright 1974 Charlton Publications, Inc. All rights reserved. Executive offices and office of publication, Division St. Derby, Connecticut 06418. Subscription $5.00 per year. Subscription Manager: Ida Cascio. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and photos. All material must be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope. Printed in the USA. National Advertising Representatives: Dilo, 114 E. 32nd St., New York, N.Y. 10016 (212-686-9050).

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MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

CAN ANYONE HELP THIS LADY?

Dear Sirs,

I am hoping that you will print this letter and that one of your readers will see it and help me out.

Two weeks ago I received a flyer in the mail announcing a book to be released in July sometime. It was called *Bill Kelly's Encyclopedia of Gunmen*. It had the address on it, where to send for the book.

My husband is a king-size western buff and told me to send for the book. I lost the flyer. My husband hasn't spoken to me for a week. If one of your readers received the flyer also, I would appreciate it more than words can say if they would write in and give me the address so I can send for the book.

My husband buys REAL WEST all the time, and we will see the letter sent in. My husband buys all the western magazines, but he likes yours best. He carries it in his car and reads it in the gas lines.

Thanking you, for saving a happy home
Mrs. Betty Miles
5221 D. 21st St.,
Westminster, Calif.

DISAGREES WITH MISS SHULSINGER ON CUSTER

Dear Sirs,

I would like to make a few comments concerning Stepanie Shulsinger's article on General Custer which appeared in the March issue RW.

I can agree with her for the most part, but some of her quotes are hard to swallow. For instance, she states that faulty intelligence was the reason for Custer allowing himself to be outnumbered by Indians. This is true as far as it goes, but it does not by any stretch of the imagination tell the whole story. To get at the beginning of the story, one must go back to the year 1864 and the time of the Battle of the Washita (Black Kettle Massacre) in what is now the western part of the state of Oklahoma. Any student of history knows that there were not more than half a dozen warriors in the whole camp at the time of the battle, although it was considered to be a work of art on the part of Custer. The rest of the people in the camp were old people and women and children.

A brave man indeed; Hah and Hah again. Custer was a coward from thw word "go". Nothing I have ever read about him states to me that he was anything else. This act alone signifies that he was nothing short of being a cold-blooded murderer.

After this act Custer was a marked man among all the plains tribes of Indians. It is my honest opinion that if he was beaten due to faulty intelligence, the Indians were responsible for it. It is not reasonable to assume that there would have been so many Indians gathered together at one place had they not planned to be there. As there were some six thousand warriors in the group, according to some accounts I have read, it likewise is not reasonable to assume that they were merely a hunting party as has been insinuated by several writers. After all, there were members of several different tribes present, and during hunting parties the Indians stayed on each of their tribal hunting grounds. They never strayed onto other tribes' hunting grounds.

If the Indians had been laying for Custer, which is highly probable, then they would have seen to it that the bulk of their forces stayed out of sight until the last minute, which is exactly what did happen. Likewise, if they had been able to do this, then it naturally follows that the army's intelligence concerning them would have been faulty. The only logical assumption to anyone who has read about the Battle of the Washita, as I have done since I was required to take Oklahoma History in high school, is that Custer was led into a trap from which there was no escape route left open to him.

It really gets under my skin to see someone sidestep the main issues and deliberately whitewash things as Miss Shulsinger has done in her article. Also she asked the question, Did Custer really have it coming? He certainly did, and the question was very pointless to say the least. Why do all the people who write about Custer brag up his good points (of which he had several, this I won't deny) and conveniently neglect to mention his bad qualities? Anybody who will deliberately invade the camp of a peaceful Indian chief, who had officially declared a truce with the White man, and kill four or five braves and several hundred old people, women and children and literally wipe out the camp, taking along the Indian chief in the process, had to be nothing short of insane, or a cold-blooded killer. I prefer to believe the latter, stories like this one of Miss Shulsinger's notwithstanding.

As for the letter in your Mail Roundup, May 74, by Miss Shulsinger which states that Sitting Bull was not present as a fighter during the battle, I will not argue this point, but I probably have read as many articles stating that he was in the thick of the battle as Miss Shulsinger has read which state otherwise. Therefore I must disagree with her about this. Thank you.

Respectfully,
Herb Book
P.O. Box 807
Ontario, Ore. 97914

LOOKING FOR DAUGHTER FAYE BAHANNON

Dear Sir:

I can't tell you how much I enjoy REAL WEST magazines. I have read them for several years.

I'm on the lookout for my ex-daughter-in-law. We last heard from her a year or so ago. She was in Brownsville, Texas. Her name is Faye Bahannon or McLaughlin. She has a little girl, 7 years old, Margaret Ann Bahannon. She knows my phone number. She can call collect. It's very important.

Thanks.
Mary E. Dozier
915 N. Madison
Dallas, Texas 75208

CRAZY HORSE NEVER HAD PHOTO TAKEN

Dear Sirs:

I had six Sioux as house guests not long ago. They were looking at my collection of REAL WEST and are second cousins of Crazy Horse. They hit the ceiling at the picture you had of him on the cover of the February 1973 issue. He was never photographed or painted in a picture. When he was killed, his mother and father took him away from the Fort and traveled many miles to the mountains and buried him in a hidden grave. Not any of his family knows to this day where it is. One of his second cousins who was here is a

(continued on page 55)

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By Dusty Roberts

DELLE BARE

On the California frontier, women were expected to hold their own but Delinda Hyde Bare became a legend among the Indians as well as her white neighbors. She could shoot a huge gray wolf or an attacking Indian warrior as well as any man. From 1861, until her death in 1929, Grandma Bare was a heroine of the California frontier.

COVER STORY

Courtesy Mrs. Mary Daniels Hughes

Modoc County's well-loved and long remembered Grandma Delle Bare, who single-handedly fought off a horde of renegade Indians in 1864.

(In 1864 Thomas and Delle Bare were the first pioneers to build and maintain a station on the road that led to Reno and Susanville at the southern end of northeastern California's Surprise Valley. It took courage and determination on their part to stay on in this lonely and isolated back-country in the face of Indian hostilities and packs of huge gray wolves.)

Delinda Hyde Bare (known in Modoc history as Grandma Bare) was Mrs. Delinda Hyde when she first came to California. She and the couple's two young children had accompanied George Hyde westward, for Delle hoped that the move would benefit them, as Hyde had promised he would turn over a new leaf and stay out of saloons and stop gambling.

They were lucky to be able to join Captain Cutts' 80-wagon train at Rockford, Illinois, which set out on the dusty, deep-rutted emigrant road west on April 21, 1861. The journey, to everyone's relief, proved uneventful and safe, since the sagacious Captain Cutts had exercised strong discipline and placed heavily armed outriders around the train to protect it from Indian attack. The disappointed red men had stayed beyond bullets' reach, pacing the train for hundreds of miles but never getting a chance to attack it.

It was on a hot and dusty Augusst day in 1861 when the train passed through Honey Lake Valley and into the raw, frontier town of Susanville, in Lassen County, California.

Cheers and hurrahs heartened the weary, trail-worn emigrants, for the townspeople had rushed to welcome them, hoping to find back-home friends and one-time neighbors, or to perhaps get word of loved ones left behind.

Predominantly a male population, the eager woman-hungry frontiersmen gazed their respectful fill on the

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Heroine Of Surprise Valley

young female portion of the emigrants. Two husky settlers, Thomas and Ross Bare, stood well to the forefront on Main Street as the wagons came rolling through. As it happened, the Hyde wagon slowed in front of the two frontiersmen, and George Hyde threw the reins to his pretty, black-eyed little wife as he jumped to the packed-down dusty road. "I reckon to stop here, Delle. Ain't goin' no further. Now you git them animals off to camp an' tend to the chores!"

Tom Bare gasped with outrage. There was a murmur from the onlookers, and Hyde, noting Bare's knotted beefy fists, hurried quickly by. A gust of hot air blew towards the Hyde wagon just as Tom had turned to his brother with the astounding words: "Ross, I just seen the woman I want. That little black-eyed gal up thar is the one. That emigrant doesn't know how to treat her!" And Ross Bare's flabbergasted reply: "But Tom — she's a married woman!" And the young woman's face crimsoned. She couldn't help but hear, even as she hurriedly shook up the reins and clucked to her team, "Move along, there!"

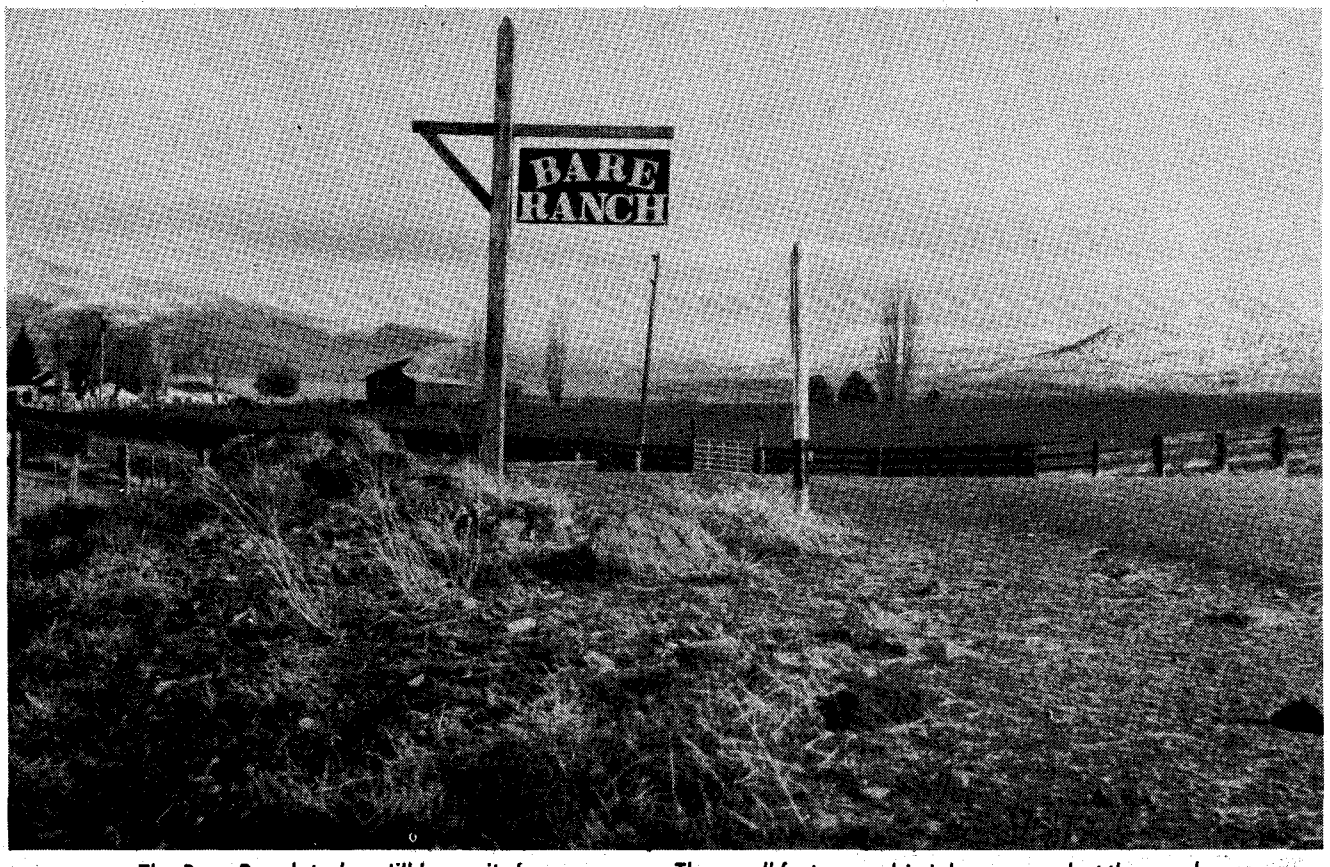
Angry tears glazed her eyes. It was all to do over again. The nearest saloon, and George was right back to his tricks! And she'd been humiliated in front of all those men ... especially that husky frontiersman who had made that astounding statement!

Delle Hyde was unaware of it, but a year and a half later, that incident was to culminate in romance, terror and a heart-gripping threat of massacre.

The Hydes settled in Susanville, to the delight of Thomas Bare who had made it his business to discover as much as he could about the little bright-eyed young woman who had caught his heart. And Delle Hyde soon learned that her distant admirer was a partner of A.W. Worm and that these two men ran the trading post known as Deep Hole Springs some sixty miles east of Honey Lake on the emigrant road.

Although the Paiute Indians of the region had been defeated in a battle with the whites in June of 1860, after the rout of Major Ormsbey's forces at the Battle of Pyramid Lake early in May of that same year, they were only beginning to trickle back into contact with the whites. An uneasy peace existed between both races, with Po-ito, the Medicine Man Chief Winnemucca, protesting that the war clubs were laid aside. Indeed, Chief Winnemucca and Numaga, the Paiute War Chief, came into Honey Lake Valley several times to confer with Governor Roop, so that for the next two years relations between red man and white were relatively friendly.

Life in the Hyde menage deteriorated steadily. Delle Hyde, clever with her needle, took up sewing to support her family after leaving Hyde and moving in with friends, since he had become increasingly abusive.



The Bare Ranch today still bears its famous name. The small fortress-cabin is long gone, but the ranch still runs cattle.

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In this frontier general store in Lake City, Grandma Bare bought the supplies she needed. The store was run by A.C. Streig. Streig is the one with the rifle, which was always handy.

Although the Indians were supposedly friendly, there were many incidents. Lonely homesteads were attacked; travelers were ambushed and sometimes killed. Hit-and-run tactics were employed by renegade red men of adjoining tribes. Sa-a-be, Chief of the Smoke Creek Paiutes and known to the Honey Lakers as Smoke Creek Sam, invited the disgruntled tribesmen to join him in his guerrilla tactics against the whites. They felt, the whites were dispossessing them of their ancestral lands and hunting grounds. The Pit Rivers, some Hat Creeks, and Modocs from Northern California, Captain Dick, the Honey Lake chief, Se-quin-a-ta or Black Rock Tom, Chief of the Black Rock Desert Indians, and Moguannoga or Cap Soo of the Humbolt Paiutes, all flocked to Smoke Creek Sam's banner. They simply disregarded Chief Winnemucca's edict.

Time and again, when in confrontations with Governor Roop protesting the Indian attacks, Winnemucca would shrug and say: "Me order Ol' Smoke him no fight. Ol' Smoke, him say goddam!"

One day in early March of 1862 Tom Bare left his Deep Hole station in the charge of his hired man, Dave, while he went into Susanville for needed supplies. While he was in town a storm came up, delaying his return. As far as Indians were concerned, everything appeared to be peaceful, and the people were relieved.

As Bare was loading up his wagon, a party of men rode in from the Humboldt mines. They were loud in wondering why Deep Hole station was unmanned. They had been forced to continue on to Susanville without their needed supplies.

Alarmed at this disturbing news, Tom Bare insisted, "But sirs, Deep Hole IS open! I left my hired man there to attend to things only three days ago!" But the miners insisted they had found no one around at all.

Quickly Tom Bare made up his mind. The supply wagon could wait. He asked for volunteers to ride back to Deep Hole with him, but muttered excuses met his request. Only one man, John Williams, agreed to go. Pausing only to grab extra arms, the two men raced away down the emigrant road back to Deep Hole. They encountered no Indians and reached Deep Hole at noon of the second day. Everything at the station appeared quiet. Since they had not stopped to eat on the journey, Tom set to cooking dinner while Williams elected to scout around the station

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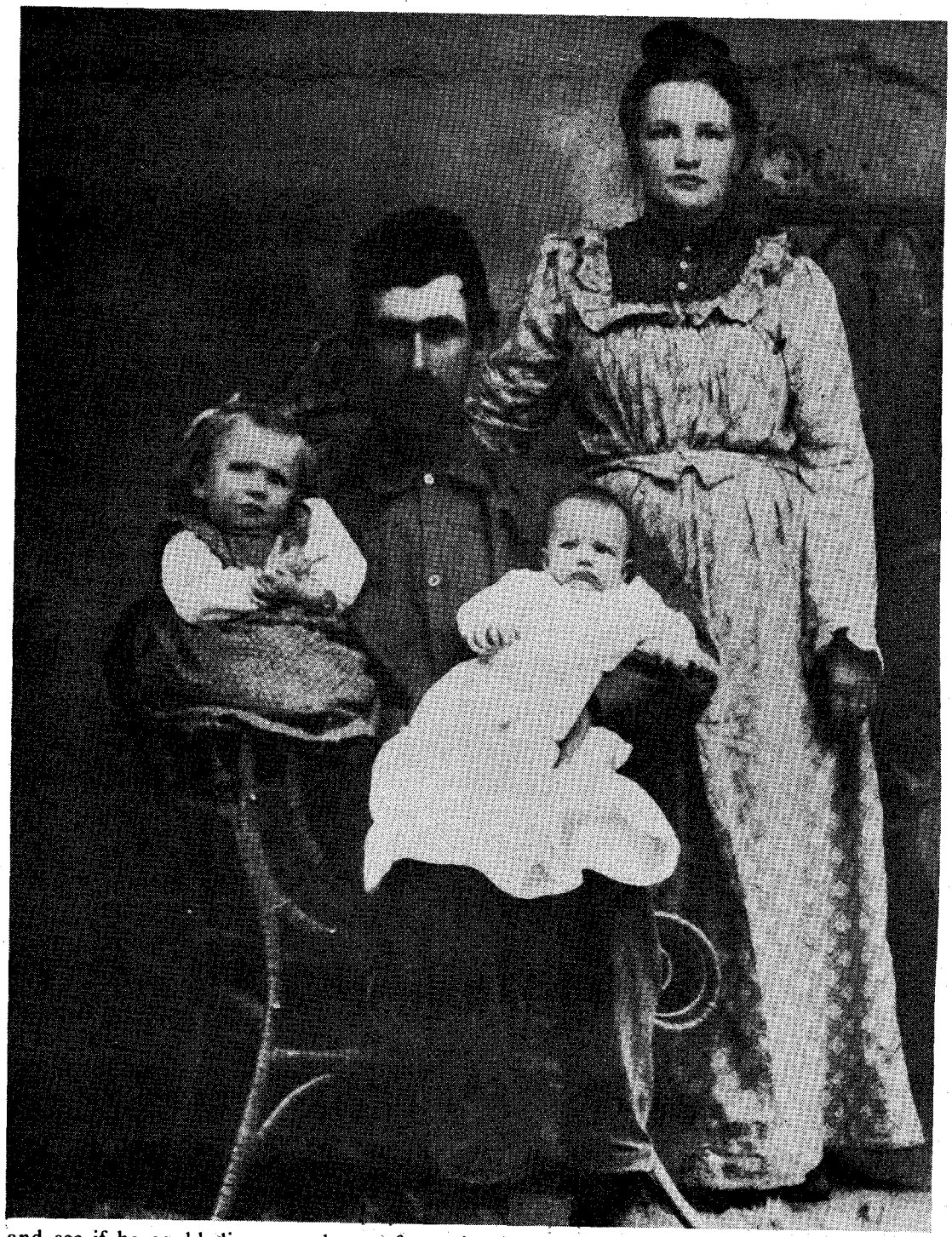

Bob Allen and his wife and family. At the turn of the century, Bob was showing the school children of Surprise Valley the silver disk in his skull where the Indians had nearly scalped him as a child.

and see if he could discover where Dave had got to.

Finally, as he neared one of the springs, he spied the square of matting that Dave always used to lie upon before the fire. It was pushed under a large sagebrush, and it had bloodstains on it! Williams looked about him uneasily. Something was wrong! And then, as he came up to the spring, he saw a hand macabrely waving at him with the movement of the bubbling water! Running forward, he bent to follow the arm and saw the hired man's body shoved under the sod along the spring's edge. His head had been split with his own axe and he had been scalped. Numerous wounds attested to the fact that he had fought frantically under great odds, for his life.

Williams ran yelling to the station. Tom Bare shot out of the door to meet him. "Dave's over yonder! Kilt! Skull's bin axed and he's been scalped too! Gawd..."

Both men grabbed their guns and ran towards the pool. Tom noticed a number of moccasin tracks around the edge. Swearing deadly oaths, Tom and Williams got poor Dave out of the water. Hurriedly they dug a grave and gently lowered him into it. Then they covered the grave with brush. It was a hurried job, for they knew at any moment they, too, could be ambushed. Racing back to the station, they jumped on their horses and set off at a run up the emigrant road, heading back to Susanville.

A few miles out, they met a lone rider who, upon hearing the gruesome news, turned about and raced along with the other two. Then, some half a dozen miles out from the station, they saw a group of Indians bunched together walking down the center of the road ahead. The leader, though armed, carried a white rag held high on a stick. Neither party would give way, so Tom Bare, completely fearless, spurred his horse ahead quickly and poked his gun-muzzle into the leader's stomach, motioning for his companions to move on ahead as he pushed the Indians unceremoniously aside. Then

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Bare hurried after his friends, looking back repeatedly, his rifle aimed. Each time, he caught the Indians sighting their guns on him, but when he whirled, they quickly lowered their weapons. This continued until the whites were out of bullet range.

Suddenly Williams cried: "We better race fer it! Looks like them redskins 're aimin' to cut us off in Smoke Creek Canyon!" And sure enough, the others could see the Indians streaking over the hills, heading cross-country directly back towards the canyon. Digging their heels in, they urged their horses to utmost speed and succeded in getting through the narrow canyon safely. Later, with reinforcements, they returned to Deep Hole Springs to discover that the station had been plundered and the cattle missing. Granite Creek Station had met the same fate.

Tom Bare returned to Susanville, It was not safe to stay on at Deep Hole. A few weeks later however, Lieutenant Wells and his troopers established the Smoke Creek post, and Honey Lakers began to breathe easier.

On April 8, 1862, William H. Hall and fifty-four eager prospectors rode off for the Humboldt Mines. Three days out they overtook Tom Bare, also on his way to the mines. As they came to Deep Hole station, the party turned in to inspect the scene of the murder. One curious man, on reaching the spring and Dave's grave, suddenly telled: "My Gawd! There's bits 'n pieces of a body lyin' all around and stuck up in the bushes!"

When Tom saw the mutilated, disinterred body, he went berserk. He was eventually calmed, and a new grave was dug. Dave was carefully gathered together and buried with a simple prayer. Then the deep grave was carefully covered, smoothed over, rocks and natural brush spread over all to guard against discovery and further desecration.

The journey eastward to the mines was uneventful until the party gained Antelope Spring station, which lay 15 miles west of Lassen's Meadow on the Humboldt River. They found the station boarded up and closed. Tom Bare, riding closer, discovered an Indian in the act of endeavoring to break into the building. Poking his rifle barrel into the man's back, Tom prodded him up a rocky incline behind the station. Sensing Tom's intentions, the red man whirled and attempted to deflect the gun barrel. There was a loud crack and the Indian fell dead.

"One less murderin' bastard!" Tom commented as he returned to his party, Everyone agreed and opined that it would be a good idea for no one to know anything about a dead Indian back at Antelope Springs.

Strangely enough, though, when the party reached the mines, they were flabbergasted to discover that everyone, Indian and white alike knew that an Indian had been killed at Antelope Springs station, and the

The Pioneer Hotel at Lake City, California. It was used by travelers up and down the valley, and by teamsters and soldiers from Fort Bidwell. It was a center of valley social life, quilting bees and all-night dances.

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Lake City flouring mill from which the valley homesteaders procured their flour. Mill still stands today at the mouth of Mill Creek Canyon.

Hall party was looked upon with suspicion.

William Hall later stated, as quoted in Asa Fairfield's *Pioneer History Of Lassen County, California* , that this affair at Antelope Springs precipitated the three-year war of 1862-1865 with the Paiute Indians of that region.

Tom Bare had only a moderate success in his mining venture at the Humboldt. One morning he mounted his horse and headed back to Susanville and a sight of comely little Delle Hyde. Although he knew she was separated from her husband, George, he knew that she was not legally separated as yet. He could bide his time.

Then, on December 21, 1862, George Hyde finally outraged the community by a despicable act. Coming out of either the Humboldt Exchange or the newer, flossier Magnolia, he had seen inoffensive Charlie Seaman across the road talking with some friends. Swaggering up, Hyde pulled his pistol and, without provocation, shot Seaman in the breast. The unfortunate man fell to the ground, mortally wounded. Instantly Hyde was slugged and disarmed by Seaman's friends, and a doctor was brought to the scene. Hyde went free until Seaman succumbed to his wound, then Hyde was immediately arrested and held, while bail was set in the amount of $3000 by Squire William J. Young, a Justice of the Peace. Yet strangely enough, there are no existing records to show that he was ever punished for his cowardly crime.

But this proved to be the final act in a long roster of wrong-doing as far as Delle Hyde was concerned. She sued for divorce and it was granted her. And a jubilant Tom Bare now came forward. Ther are no records of this fact, but obviously Tom Bare must have had something to hope for; he set out for distant Surprise Valley in the northeastern section of California, where a few hardy brave souls were settling. Bare took up a homestead at the far, southern end of Surprise Valley, just a few miles from the Nevada line and below the snowy Warner Mountains. He built a stout little cabin with an eye to discouraging Indian raids, for the Indians of the region were hostile. This was sometime in the summer of 1863.

It was early in 1864, says Asa Fairfield again, that a group of Honey Lake pioneers loaded their wagons and set off north for distant Surprise Valley. Among them was Delle Hyde and her two little children. And it was no surprise to her friends and companions when the young woman and Thomas Bare exchanged marriage vows when they were but a few days out from Susanville. Theirs was what was then known as a "contract marriage" before their friends, since there was no parson along.

"It was nineteen years later — after a traveling parson came through the by then more populated valley, that Tom and Delle Bare were legally married to the huge amusement of their teenage children!" Irvine Grove, Surprise Valley historian and herself a descendant of valley pioneers, told me.

Since the hospitable Bare cabin lay at the farthest end of the Surprise Valley-to-Reno-and-Susanville road of this tiny settlement, it became a way station for travelers. No one was ever turned away ... not even the Indians, and this despite Tom's hatred of red men, deeming it a good policy when they stopped for "hogadie".

These local Indians repaid the Bare's kindness by often sending down runners from their camp in the north, 60 miles away, to the Bare cabin to warn of hostile Indians skulking in the region.

Another hazard of this lonely homestead resided in the huge grey wolves infesting the region. Often Delle, a crack shot, would snatch up the heavy rifle and dispatch one enormous creature in the act of pulling down a full-grown cow. And it wasn't long before word spread among the Indians that she was a "heap good shootum squaw". Nevertheless, renegade bucks would sometimes try exchanging shots with Delle whenever they thought she was alone.

However, from the summer of 1864 on, road travel became heavier so that rarely would Delle be left entirely on her own, for any length of

(continued on page 57)

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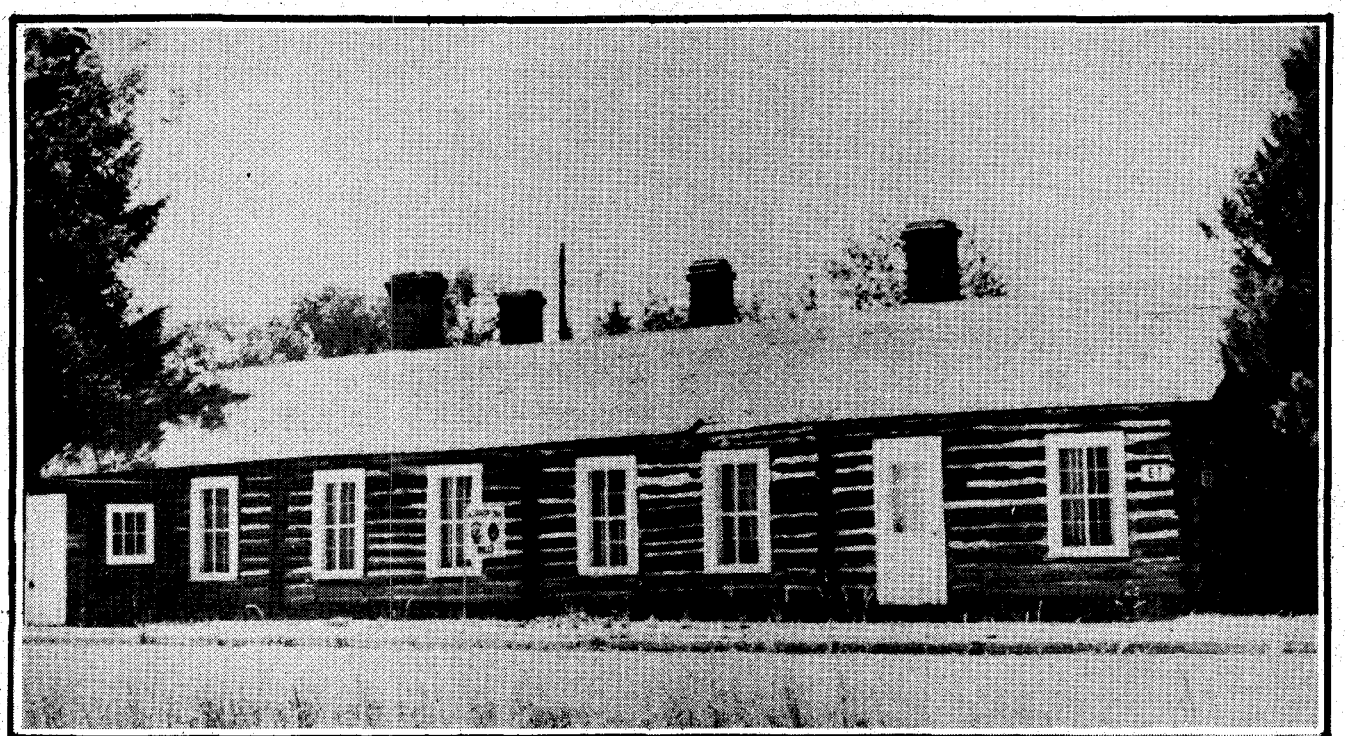
FORT MISSOULA



Author's collection

The officers club at Fort Missoula. In later years the fort became a rest and recreation post.

This fort was built in Western Montana to protect the ranchers and homesteaders moving into the area. It was never the scene of a great battle but *the fact that it was there* probably kept the hostile Indian Tribes from attempting raids in the region. The fort was built in 1877 and was in use until 1921.

By
Maurice Kildare

In the records Fort Missoula was never important. Its only contribution to the Indian wars was the first pursuit of Nez Perce Chief Joseph in Montana Territory.

Even that became ludicrous because of the Fort Fizzle affair. Still, some of the fort's officers and men died as heroes in the Big Hole battle.

Little known in history, Fort Missoula was the only army bastion in western Montana. Because of its strategic position, hostile Indian tribes were probably prevented from raiding the region.

During the Idaho Bannock wars of early 1877, raiding parties came up from the south while others crossed the mountains from the west, raiding miners' camps, small settlements and murdering people.

None reached as far north as Missoula which was down in a deep valley surrounded by mountains. It was the bloodthirsty Blackfeet from the far north who created great fear among the settlers. Murderous renegade parties struck Prickly Pear Valley near Helena. Other small groups came part-way down the Blackfoot River towards Hell Gate but did not plunge through the historical pass into the valley.

Missoula then had 500 inhabitants. Four hundred more lived in the tributary areas. Settlers of the Bitterroot Valley and around Missoula feared they would be attacked and wiped out. The rest of Montana, including Territorial Governor Benjamin F. Potts, agreed with them. The territorial press took up the cry of Indian danger. They made capital of the fact that not a single fort had been established in western Montana to protect its citizens.

The Indian tribes around them, Flatheads, Pend d'Oreilles and Kootenais, were peaceful and always had been. Also the Nez Perce from Washington often crossed the Bitterroots to trade in Missoula, Frenchtown and Stevensville. None of these tribes posed a danger to the valley. It was the hostiles from more distant tribes.

Amid the outcry that army protection be provided, Captain Charles C. Rawn brought Companies A and I, 7th Infantry, from Fort Shaw on Sun River to Missoula.

On June 7, 1877 he began construction of Camp Missoula, soon afterwards renamed Fort Missoula, that had been authorized in 1875. The site was two and a half miles southwest of the town below the confluence of the Bitterroot and Clark's Fork Rivers. A few log camp buildings were only partly completed when Chief Joseph began his long and famous march in an effort to find

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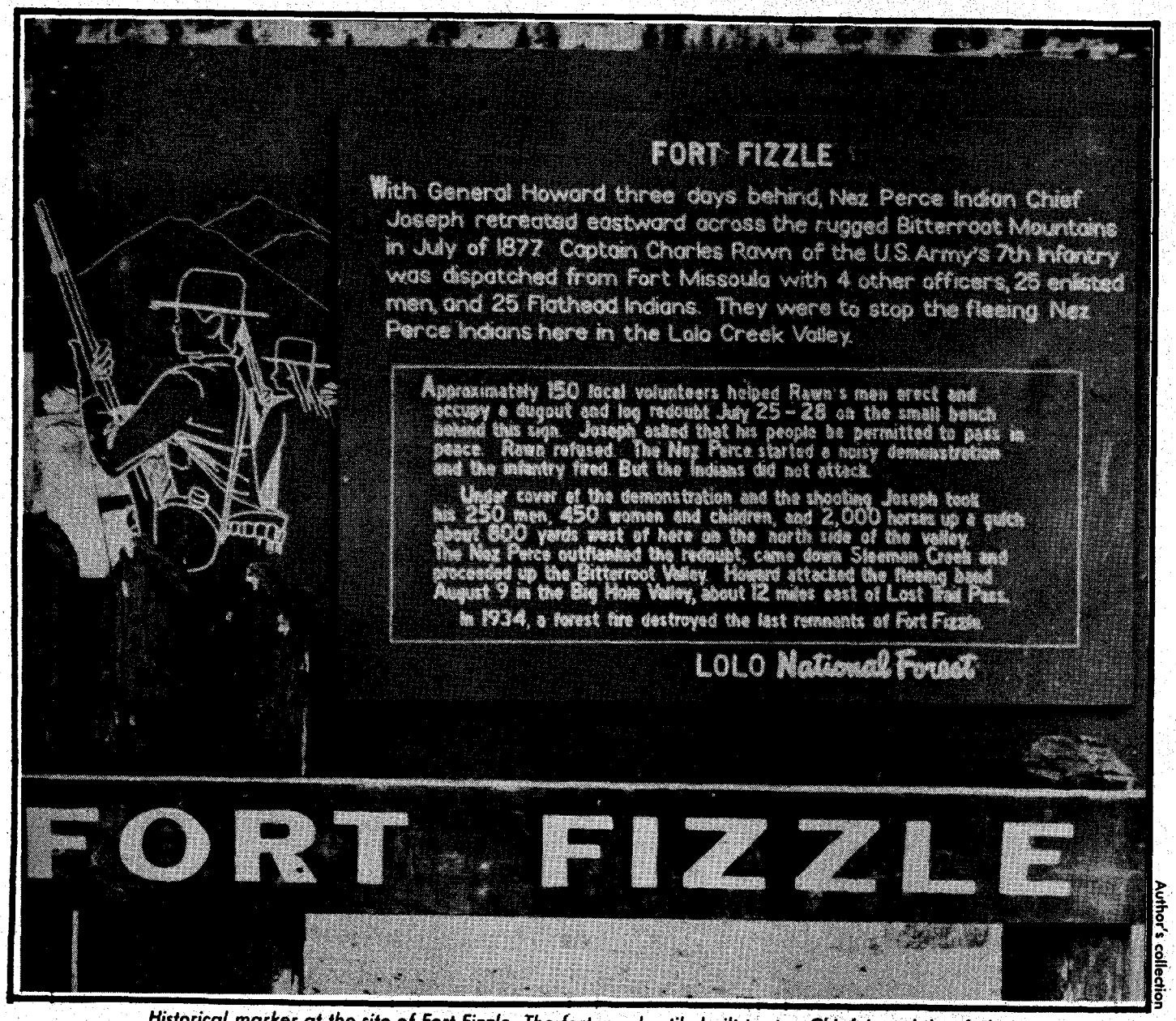
FORT FIZZLE
With General Howard three days behind, Nez Perce Indian Chief Joseph retreated eastward across the rugged Bitterroot Mountains in July of 1877. Captain Charles Rawn of the U.S. Army's 7th Infantry was dispatched from Fort Missoula with 4 other officers, 25 enlisted men, and 25 Flathead Indians. They were to stop the fleeing Nez Perce Indians here in the Lolo Creek Valley.
Approximately 150 local volunteers helped Rawn's men erect and occupy a dugout and log redoubt July 25 - 28 on the small bench behind this sign. Joseph asked that his people be permitted to pass in peace. Rawn refused. The Nez Perce started a noisy demonstration and the infantry fired. But the Indians did not attack.
Under cover of the demonstration and the shooting Joseph took his 250 men, 450 women and children, and 2,000 horses up a gulch about 600 yards west of here on the north side of the valley. The Nez Perce outflanked the redoubt, came down Siseman Creek and proceeded up the Bitterroot Valley. Howard attacked the fleeing band August 9 in the Big Hole Valley, about 12 miles east of Lost Trail Pass.
In 1934, a forest fire destroyed the last remnants of Fort Fizzle.
LOLO National Forest
FORT FIZZLE
Author's collection

Historical marker at the site of Fort Fizzle. The fort was hastily built to stop Chief Joseph but failed miserably as the Nez Perce flanked it with no casualties on either side, hence the name Fort Fizzle.

freedom for his people.

Information was received that the Nez Perce, after several engagements with General O.O. Howard's troops, were headed for Lolo Pass. On July 18 Rawn dispatched Lieutenant Francis Woodridge and four soldiers to reconnoiter the eastern end of the pass.

The detail occupied a high point from which the canyon was visible for seven to eight miles towards Hot Springs. Because they saw no Indians, the position was held only briefly. Woodridge took his men on a scout through, all the way to Clearwater River in Idaho.

When the detail was gone longer than planned, Rawn began to fear something untoward had happened. Especially was he worried because no report from Woodridge came in. He sent out Lieutenant C.C. Coolidge with one soldier and several civilian volunteer scouts to learn the status of the detail.

The next day after entering the pass, Woodridge and his men were met coming down Lolo Canyon. He reported encountering no Nez Perce or finding a sign of them anywhere. This information was immediately sent forward to Rawn.

Into their night camp appeared a half-breed, John Hill, an escaped prisoner of the Nez Perce. He reported that Chief Joseph had almost reached the pass, his tribe strung out in a long train.

The detail reached Fort Missoula late the next night. Rawn was awakened and Hall's information given him. He sent it by telegraph to his commanding officer at Fort Shaw, Colonel John Gibbon. An hour later, he received orders to occupy the east end of the pass and halt the Nez Perce.

On July 25 Rawn took thirty soldiers and fifty civilian volunteers into Lolo Canyon. More volunteers arrived until they numbered 200. In addition, Flathead Chief Charlot joined him with 25 warriors. The Flatheads feared Indian raiders just as much as white men.

From other parts of Montana volunteers were forming groups with the vowed intention of fighting Indians. Montana in a fearsome uproar demanded that what was now called the Nez Perce invasion be stopped. Chief Joseph must not be permitted to get far into the territory.

Eight miles from the mouth of Lolo Canyon, Rawn selected a bench in the narrow part of the defile. An unroofed fort of logs was erected and other defense works thrown entirely across the canyon and creek.

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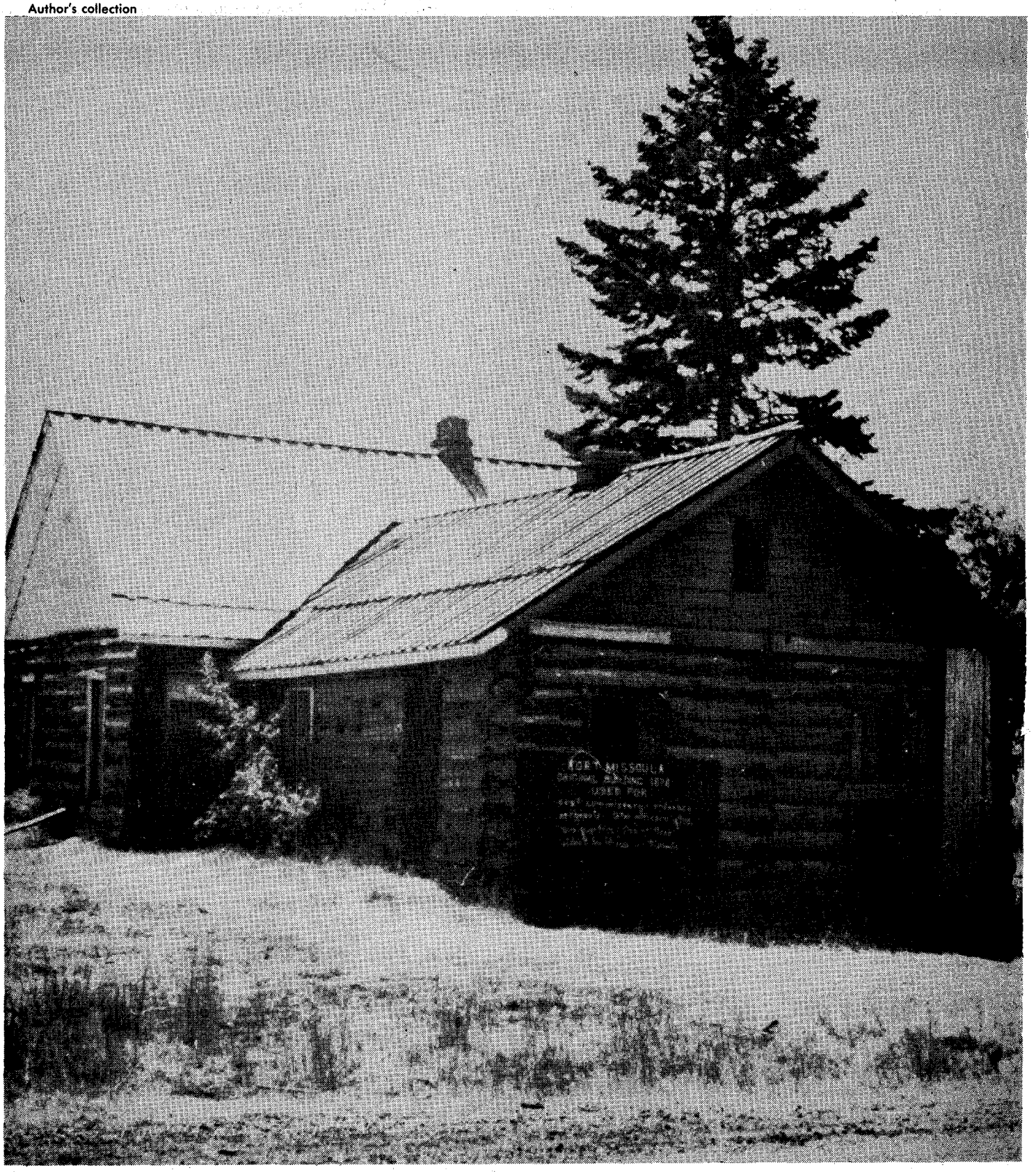

The third oldest building in the Missoula Valley at Fort Missoula. It was built in 1878.

The Nez Perce train came up to Hot Springs, twelve miles upstream, and established a temporary camp. The Indians needed a rest after the bitter ordeal escaping Howard's pursuing troops. Nez Perce scouts quickly discovered the canyon block, riding close enough to reconnoiter the log fort. They referred to it derisively as a corral.

On July 27 Chiefs Joseph, White Bird and Looking Glass held a parley with Rawn. Present also was Governor Potts who had hastened to Missoula during the crisis. The chiefs asked that they be allowed to pass peacefully, declaring their intentions to harm no one and do no raiding. Governor Potts wasn't even asked for his opinion about this.

Rawn replied arbitrarily through interpreter Delaware Jim that they must give up their arms and

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surrender forthwith. This, of course, the Nez Perce had no intention of doing.

Arrangements were made for another parley the following day. Stalling, Rawn hoped to gain time enough for Howard to come up behind the Indians and Gibbon to arrive form Fort Shaw with reinforcements.

Attending this meeting, about half way between the two camps was only Looking Glass and one warrior. Looking Glass said that he would talk to his people about surrendering and let him know the answer the following day, July 29. Rawn insisted that it must be given before that midnight.

On return to his camp Rawn discovered that 100 of the citizen volunteers had departed. Others were also steadily slipping away. He posted a guard some distance downstream in an effort to halt the desertions. Rawn termed them as such whereas not being enlisted, they were at liberty to leave at any time.

On his first arrival at Hot Springs the wily Chief Joseph sent scouts slipping around the blockade into the Bitterroot Valley. All were Indians acquainted with white men from previous trading expeditions. They delivered the chief's message that Nez Perce only wanted to pass peacefully through the Valley. There would be no killing and no pillaging.

This news spread quickly, easily reaching the volunteers with Rawn. If they did not oppose the Nez Perce, no harm would befall their families and the widely scattered settlements. Chief Joseph was one Indian leader whose assurance could be accepted.

The Nez Perce knew that somewhere behind them Howard was coming up with his cavalry. They also correctly surmised that from the Montana side of the mountains more troops were rushing towards them. The Indians had to get out of the narrow, extremely rough defile lest it become a death trap.

Rawn's poorly manned block could easily have been wiped out. But they chose to go around it, which was done in the night, half a mile upstream from the camp.

At dawn volunteer scout W. B. Harlan told Rawn that the Nez Perce were passing by him, the main train already in the Bitterroot Valley.

Angered and not believing it, Rawn retorted, "There are too many God Almighty know-it-alls around this camp!"

The Nez Perce climbed out through a ravine, then followed a series of gulches to Sleeman Creek. By the time Rawn realized the truth, part of the train had already followed up the Bitterroot to Stevensville.

Not wanting immediate pursuit, parties of warriors had been sent into the canyon from the mouth. A few minutes after Harlan's report, Rawn heard what he didn't want to believe; gunfire.

The detail posted below the blockade to stop deserters was fired on rapidly and driven upstream. Nez Perce warriors came up close to the log fort, shooting into it and at men they could see along the creek. Their intense fire lasted only half an hour, doing no damage. It did serve the purpose of holding the soldiers and less than twenty remaining volunteers inside the blockade. A full-scale attack was expected but didn't happen, although Indian scouts molested the camp well into the following day.

After the Nez Perce withdrew, Rawn had insufficient men to pursue. He could only return to Fort Missoula. That he did not go after the Indians who were no farther away than Stevensville caused ridicule and bitter criticism to be heaped on his head from all over Montana.

The complete failure in Lolo Canyon resulted in the barricade being called Fort Fizzle. The territorial press demanded that an army officer not afraid to fight Indians relieve Rawn. Criticism of him was very unjust, for his thirty available soldiers could not beat 300 warriors who had already whipped the best that Howard could throw into the field.

Governor Potts received authorization to organize and arm companies of militia. Virginaia City, Helena, Butte and other cities swore in volunteers under elected captains and started out to fight Indians.

For a week the Nez Perce traded peacefully in Stevensville as they had done in the past. The chiefs persuaded the merchants into agreeing that no whiskey would be sold the young warriors. If they got drunk, there was certain to be serious trouble. A few who did manage to obtain whiskey were sent back to camp under guard.

On July 29, Captain George L. Browning, two officers, 32 men of Company G, 7th Infantry and a detachment of cavalry reported in at Fort Missoula.

Gibbon gathered all available troops from Fort Baker and Fort Benton, but there were few. Companies D, F and K, 7th Infantry reached Fort Missoula on August 4.

The six companies, mere skeletons, were immediately organized into a battalion of 17 officers and 146 men. Trowel bayonets were issued and supplies loaded in mule-drawn wagons. This was the force, badly outnumbered by red men, that must pursue the Nez Perce and attack, if possible.

Gibbon was an experienced Indian fighter. He wasted no time before leading out the battalion. His own companies from the north were followed by Rawn with Companies A, I and G. Only a token guard was left behind to take care of the fort.

Gibbon had been a brigadier general of the Army of the Potomac during the Civil War. After the war he played important roles in defeating hostile Indians in the Dakotas and Montana. His policy was to hit them and do it fast, and he did not intend to let the Nez Perce get away without trying to stop them. That he pursued vigorously with so few men amazed Howard when he heard about it after joining the two commands.

Brief pause was made at the old trading-post fort of Owen. There he acquired a Howitzer. Two frontiersmen who knew well the Ross Hole and Big Hole country were engaged as guides. The volunteers began catching up. But it was after considerable reluctance on his part that Gibbon finally accepted their services. Since all were well mounted and armed, he added them to Lieutenant Bradley's small unit of cavalry.

The command made thirty miles a day whereas the Nez Perce train, strung out for nearly two miles, traveled only twelve to fifteen.

After crossing the continental divide over a hogback east of Ross'Hole, the command was only a day's march behind the moving Indians. Oddly, they were in no hurry and did not believe an attack to be forthcoming. Because they encountered no fighting trouble in Bitterroot Valley, the chiefs seemed to think that the war was over.

On the night of August 7, Bradley asked for permission to scout ahead and it was given. With a combined force of sixty cavalrymen and volunteers he set forth hoping to locate the Nez Perce camp. It might also be possible to stampede the pony herd.

As gray dawn broke on the 8th, he drew up on the edge of Big Hole Basin. He called a halt before their proximity should be discovered by lurking Indian scouts. The force took

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Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce. He easily eluded the defenses set up by Lt. Rawn, which became known as Fort Fizzle.

Author's collection

to hiding in timbered Trail Creek Canyon and ate a cold breakfast.

About eight o'clock Bradley, Lieutenant Jacobs and Sergeant Wilson rode forward warily until hearing camp noise echoing on the light wind. Selecting a high point, their horses were concealed and they climbed tall trees. From them the camp could be viewed in detail in a meadow half a mile northeast. It was a peaceful scene, the Nez Perce apparently having no idea that troops were near them.

Withdrawing to camp, Bradley dispatched a fast messenger back up the trail to Gibbon. Having twenty miles to travel, Gibbon brought the command in that night. The Nez Perce camp was about six miles distant. A rest for the troops was ordered until 11 P. M.

From a military standpoint Bradley had fixed the camp indelibly in his mind. It lay in an Alpine zone at 6,800 feet elevation along the east bank of Big Hole River. The tipis

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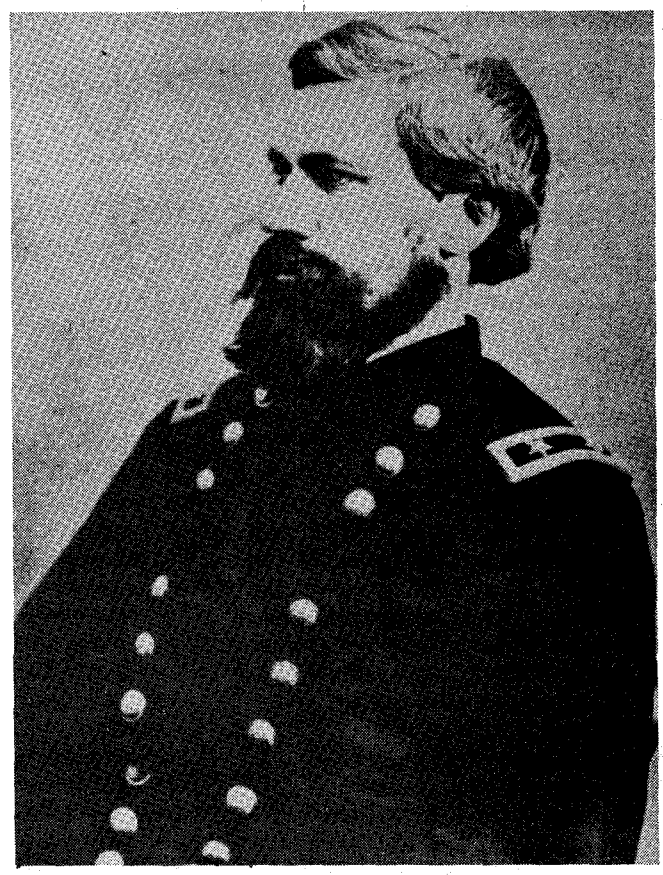
Colonel John Gibbon who fought and lost the Battle at Big Hole.



General O.O. Howard who was in pursuit of Chief Joseph.

Author's collection

were arranged in a V form, with the point lying upstream.

Men were fishing in the river. Small hunting parties were going out and some returning loaded with wild game. Considerable food was required to feed the 700 people in camp. Because the women were cutting firewood, lodge and travois poles, he deduced that the Nez Perce planned to remain there several days.

The camp could be easily surprised provided no guards had been posted on a flat-topped hill overlooking the west escarpment. The ponies grazed in a place difficult to reach in order to disperse the herd.

Exactly at eleven o'clock, Gibbon formed his attack column of 149 officers and men, and 34 volunteers. Fourteen soldiers were left to guard the wagons, to bring them and the Howitzer up the next day.

Short of the basin rim the column followed an old Indian and packer trail for a mile until west of the Nez Perce camp. The pony herd was a most enticing objective to run off; this was a usual tactic in fighting indians. But the scouts, after reconnoitering, warned Gibbon that it would be impossible to accomplish this without alarming the camp.

Part of the bunch of 1,500 ponies grazed near the trail. Very cautiously the column passed by without creating noise sufficient to scare them. The movement was stealthily executed. Historians have remarked on Gibbon's "wolf-like approach to flank the Indians who had more fighting men than he."

Twelve hundred yards of the trail was occupied, and Gibbon settled down to await the attacking hour. His two most trusted scouts, H.O. Bostwick from Fort Shaw and Joe Blodgett from the Bitterroot, advised him on the terrain for the approach after scouting it like wraiths in the night.

They also told him, "An hour before dawn the squaws will come out of the tipis to build fires for cooking. If they do, then we remain undiscovered."

That is exactly what happened. As they did so, at exactly 3:30 A. M., August 9th, the first assault companies moved forward.

The thinly spread advance skirmishers were discovered by a mounted Indian. But they could not know that he was a vey old man, unable to see well enough to tell whether they were Indians or white men.

Believing the camp would be aroused instantly, they shot him off his pony. Dashing forward, they crossed the stream, yelling and shooting into tipis. Caught by complete surprise, Indians rushed from the tipis and were shot down indiscriminately. Then quickly realizing the situation, they took to running in all directions.

Pandemonium reigned for only a few miutes. Then strong voices could be heard rallying the warriors. The Nez Perce were given further respite when the upper end of the camp was captured. The soldiers who took it without much of a struggle delayed while trying to set the tipis on fire. They were too damp to burn. Their failure to press forward immediately proved fatal.

As soldiers plunged into the village, the Nez Perces moved out. But the warriors soon returned, sending a galling fire into the soldiers.

Bradley and Captain William Logan, who took the upper end of the village with cavalry, prepared to move into the lower when both were killed by snipers. The fighting shifted back and forth with neither side gaining the advantage. Warriors filtered through soldiers, desperately trying to retake the camp. There were no identifiable skirmish lines. Considerable confusion and uncertainty were costly to both sides.

Learning that half his officers had been killed, Gibbon rushed to each point where attack was heaviest to personally rally troops. One horse

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was shot dead under him and he sustained a wound in the left thigh.

That terrible morning heroes were made, not born, and many were commended for their outstanding bravery against terrible odds.

The Indians seemed to be everywhere. No solid places of adequate resistance to prevent from being overwhelmed could be formed. No orderly battle array was possible in the worsening situation. Desperate, aware that a charge in force would wipe out the command, Gibbon ordered a retreat at 8 A. M.

The flat-topped timbered hill was a mile to the rear. Already occupied ahead of them, soldiers had to drive out warriors with close-in rifle fire. Successfully gaining the hill, they went to work erecting log barriers, and digging trenches with the issue trowel bayonets.

The Howitzer was brought up within firing range at noon while soldiers were besieged on the hill. Only one round was fired before half the gun crew was killed. The Howitzer was captured, but none of the Indians knew how to fire it. It was rolled down the slope into a deep hole in the river.

After burying their dead in shallow graves, the main body of Nez Perce fled the battleground. A hundered warriors were left behind to keep the soldiers penned on the hill. Later the number was reduced to thirty. Under cover of falling darkness, soldiers were able to crawl down the river for badly needed water.

At sunup, August 10, the remaining warriors rode within sight of the soldiers, fired a few parting shots and disappeared. The wagons were found and brought into camp.

Howard finally caught up. With an advance guard he reached the besieged camp at 9 A. M. on the llth. He took over command, subsequently pursuing the Nez Perce until their capture in the Bear Paw Mountains of northern Montana.

Casualties at the battle of the Big Hole were five civilian volunteers killed and four wounded, 24 soldiers were killed and 6 wounded. Some died of wounds several days after the fight.

Rawn's Fort Missoula companies suffered these casualties: Company A, two dead, one being Captain Logan, and five wounded; Company I, three killed and five wounded, one was Lieutenant William L. English who died August 19; and Company G, six killed and six wounded.

The Fort Missoula companies accompanied Gibbon to Deer Lodge. Joined there by Company D, they returned to the fort, arriving August 21.

This brief campaign in the Nez Perce war was the only action engaged in by troops stationed at Fort Missoula. From then on service there was monotonous for most.

In 1879 the officers' quarters and club burned down. They were rebuilt the following year on the same sites and of logs as before. The club still stands, in a clustered line of modern buildings.

Almost unparalleled hunting and fishing was available in the nearby mountains and streams. Many officers wrote magazine articles about this. Fort Missoula became a post for what is known today in the armed forces as Rest and Recreation. For some years it became desirable duty avidly sought.

Many stationed there merely rested and did nothing beyond garrison duty. The more venturesome went out on hunting and fishing parties especially new officers from the eastern United States.

Author's collection

Historical marker at Fort Missoula.

The officers club held fortnightly dances, to which the elite of Missoula were invited. Still, even with the sporting activities, life at the fort must have turned dull and unexciting after a few months.

The Spanish-American war brought temporary abandonment of Fort Missoula in 1898. Reoccupied in 1901, it continued as an Rand R post.

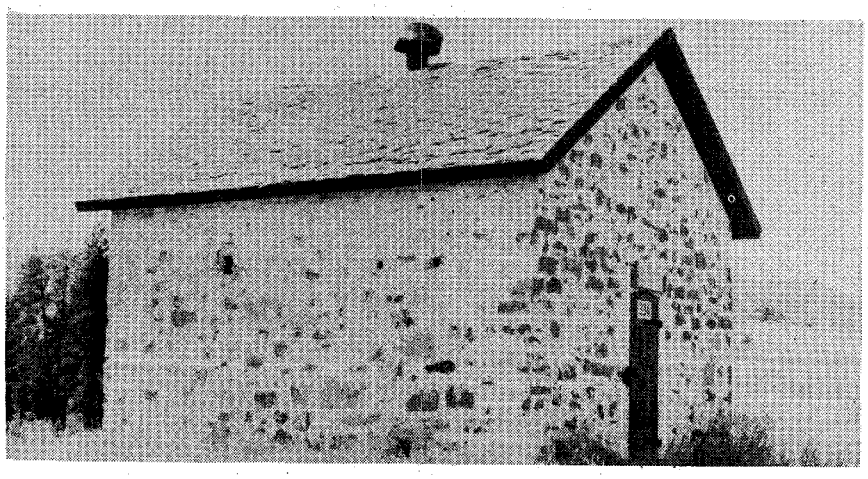
In 1910 new buildings of brick and concrete as well as wood were constructed. In 1912 the fort was again abandoned by the army and not reoccupied until 1921.

Finally it was stricken permanently from the active list. The buildings are occupied today by a division of the Forest Service of the Department of Agriculture.

Several of the original buildings, the third oldest in the Missoula Valley (1878), have been preserved as historical monuments.

On a rise of ground is the fenced cemetery where soldiers and some civilians were interred during the late 1870's and 1880's. All are marked by tombstones and tell a graphic history of their own. ●**RW**

Author's collection



Stone building was the original powder magazine at Fort Missoula.

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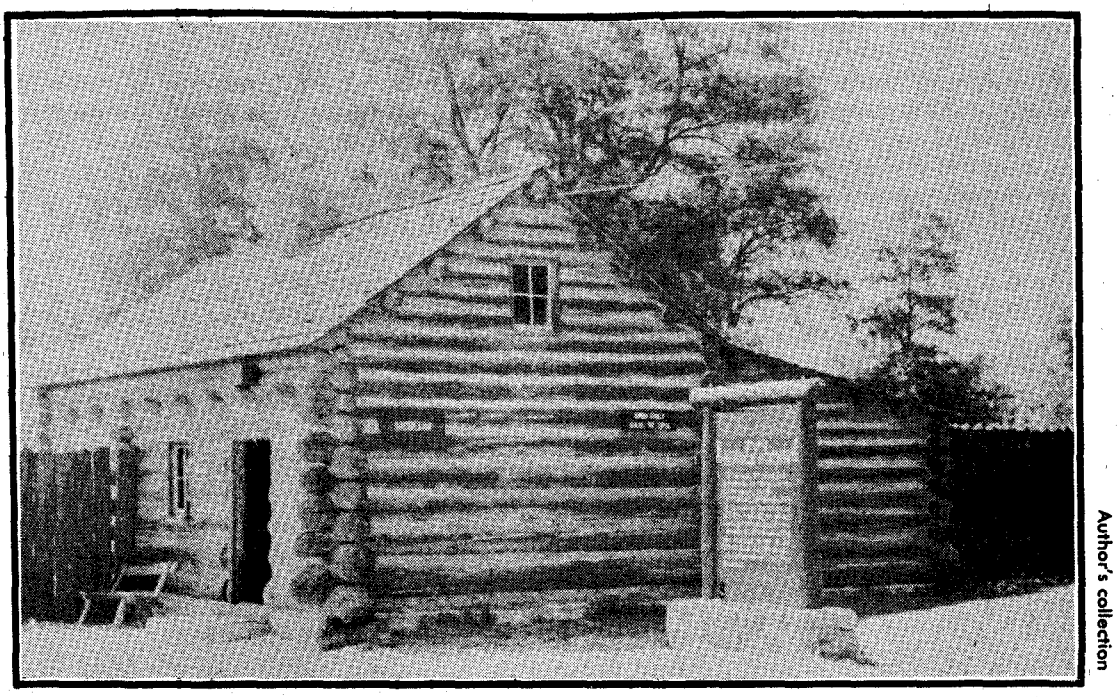
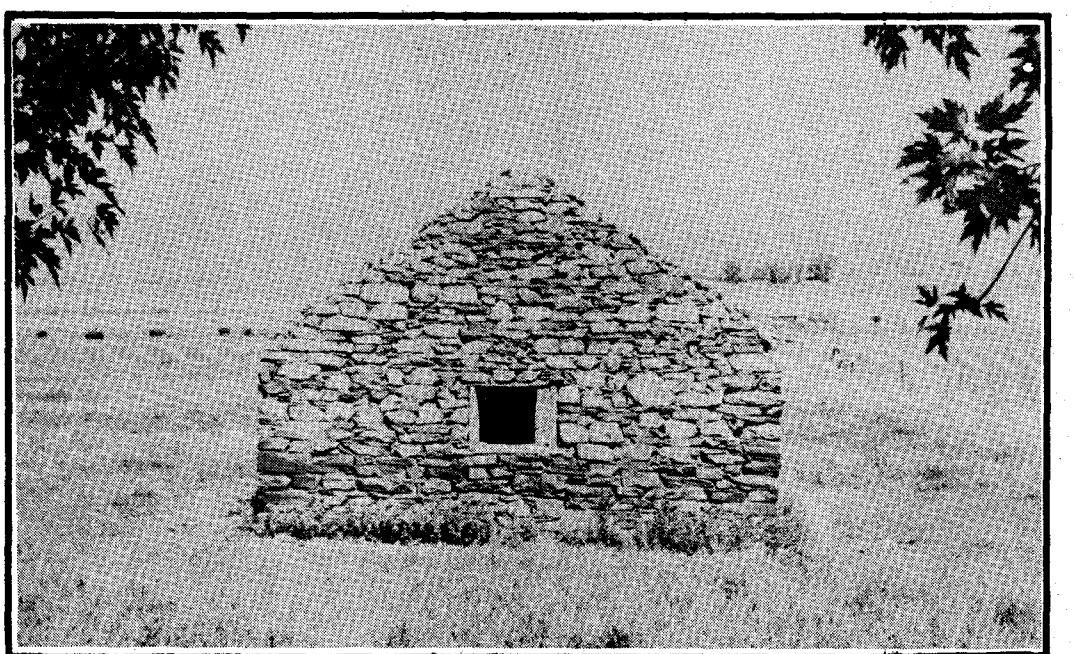
By Richard Taylor

NEVADA'S MORMON EXODUS



Mormon Station, a reconstruction of the early Mormon fort at Genoa, Nevada.

Author's collection



Old stone building at a stagecoach stop near Genoa, Nevada.

Author's collection

In the golden summer of 1857, the lush green valleys and fields surrounding Genoa, Nevada's oldest town, were thriving under the industrious care of dedicated Mormon farmers. Apples and pears were ripening by the bushel in well-kept orchards; fatted livestocks lolled in the verdant fields, while fine barns were being constructed in anticipation of winter. All was well in this branch of Zion. Then, on September 4, 1857, bad news struck the prosperous community like a thunderbolt.

An exhausted messenger rode into town at full gallop with urgent orders from Brigham Young, the Mormon Leader in Salt Lake City.

"Ye've got to pull up stakes and move back to Salt Lake!" he shouted. "We're at war with the gentiles."

At this point in U. S. history, a federal army was on its way from Washington, D. C. to put an end to the so-called "Mormon abomination," and all of the saints were needed at once.

The faith of the Mormons was impeccable. Without a complaint they quickly prepared to abandon their hard-won prosperity. They sold what

(continued on page 54)

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THE PRESIDENT WHO WON THE WEST

By Stephanie C. Shulsinger

COVER STORY

In 1845, James Knox Polk delivered an eloquent speech to Congress, asking them to help the hardy families who pioneered the West. President Polk grew up on the Tennessee frontier and he did more than any other president to help the emigrants.

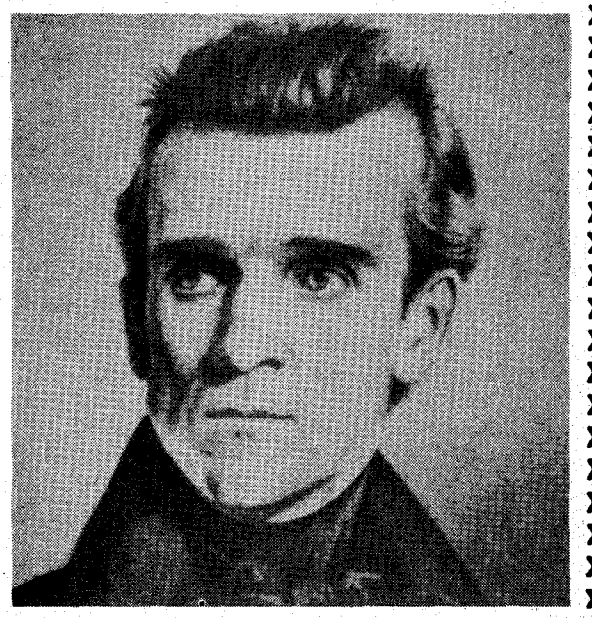
It is to the enterprise and perseverance of the hardy pioneers of the West, who penetrate the wilderness with their families, suffer the dangers, the privations, and hardships attending the settlement of a new country, and prepare the way for the body of emigrants who in the course of a few years usually follow them, that we are in a great degree indebted for the rapid extension and aggrandizement of our country."

So said President James Knox Polk in his ringing first annual message to Congress in December of 1845. The speech was long and full of challenges to Congress, to the British, who were hungrily eyeing our whole West Coast, and to the American people, who had elected him largely for his stand in favor of bringing Texas into the Union.

The small, straight man with the determined chin knew what he was talking about. He came from a pioneer family himself, and with his amazing memory he could vividly picture nearly every detail of his own boyhood adventures while pioneering on the Duck River in Tennessee. When he was just a lad of eight, Polk's family had moved west from Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, where he had been born on November 2, 1795, and though they were a lot better off than many of the families homesteading in the new country, the Polks had left behind them a good deal more comfort on their cozy North Carolina farm than they found on the frontier.

President Polk had now been in public life a long time: as governor of Tennessee, and in the national spotlight as a congressman who became Speaker of the House of Representatives. Throughout his career he had always taken a keen interest in the rights and welfare of settlers, fighting for legislation that would ease their financial burdens and insure the permanent possession of their property. He knew their problems from long study and close observation, and James Polk was never a man to leave anything to chance.

So when circumstances, which he managed with great skill and the support of Andrew Jackson to turn to his advantage, brought him into the White House after the "dark horse" election of 1844, the President had his plans all worked out. Leaning back in his chair shortly after his inauguration, he told his friend and Secretary of the Navy, the distinguished historian George Bancroft, exactly what his goals were for his four-year term and that he would definitely not seek re-election. Included on his list were the annexation of Texas, the permanent settlement of the Oregon boundary with Great Britain, and the acquisition of California from Mexico.



James K. Polk, 11th President of the United States.

Bancroft, who deeply admired and liked Polk and respected his impressive capacity for getting things done, nevertheless had his doubts. All of these issues were hotly contested, and at least two of them could result in the outbreak of war. Polk smiled his warm grin at Bancroft's serious face, and his fine grey eyes sparkled. In four short years they could laugh over this conversation — he hoped!

But meanwhile, Congress was not amused. The boldness of Polk's annual message had made the faint-hearted very nervous, and they complained that the President had taken too positive a stand. He had touched clearly on all three territorial acquisitions: recommending the immediate annexation of Texas, which a vast majority of the American people obviously wanted; the purchase, if possible, of California from Mexico, a troubled country that was obviously going to lose it to somebody; and the end of a long-standing treaty of joint occupancy of the Oregon territory with Great Britain.

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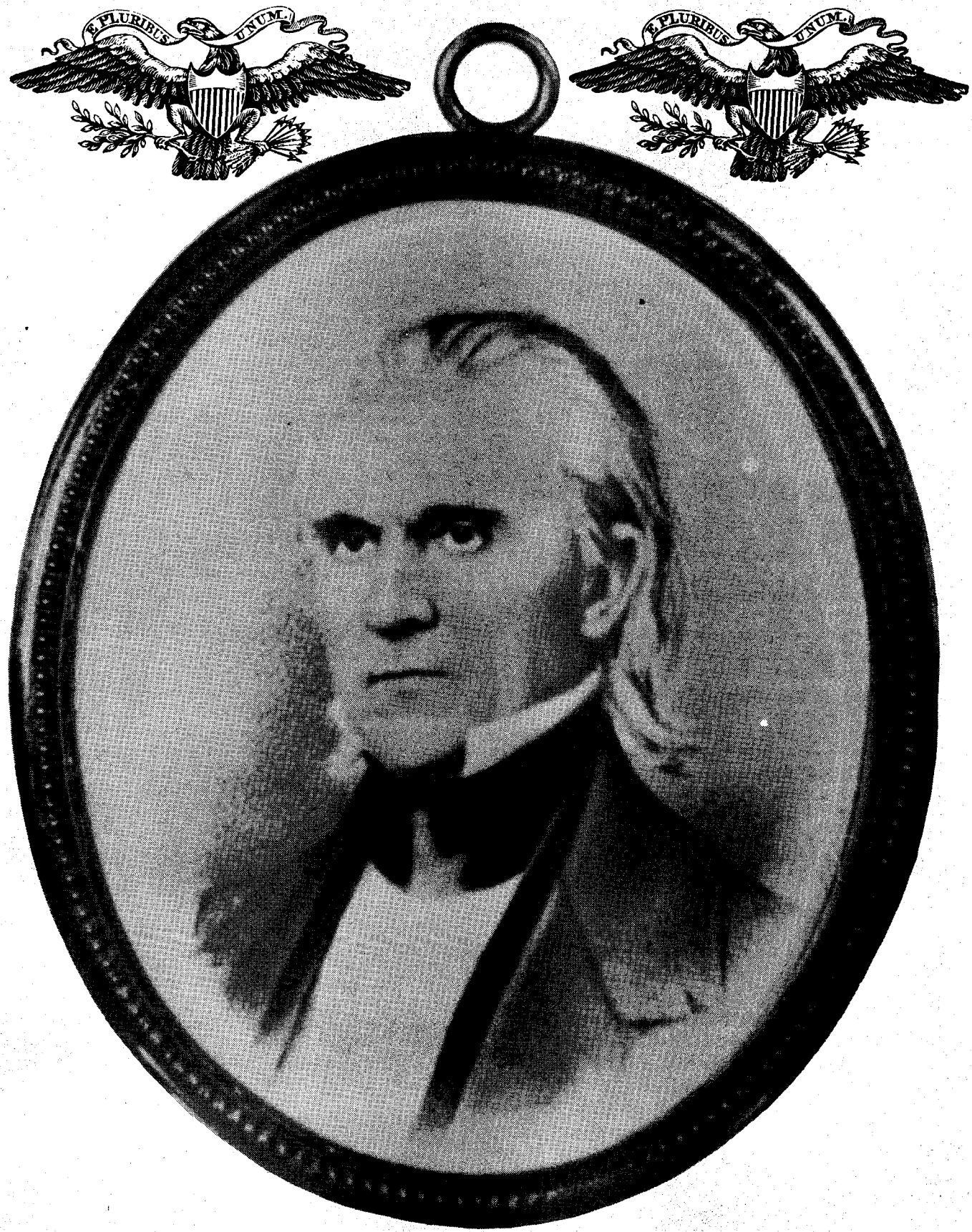

James K. Polk. During his administration, two million square miles of territory was added to the boundaries of the United States. Included were Texas, New Mexico, California and Oregon. Polk is little honored today, but he won much of the West for the United States.

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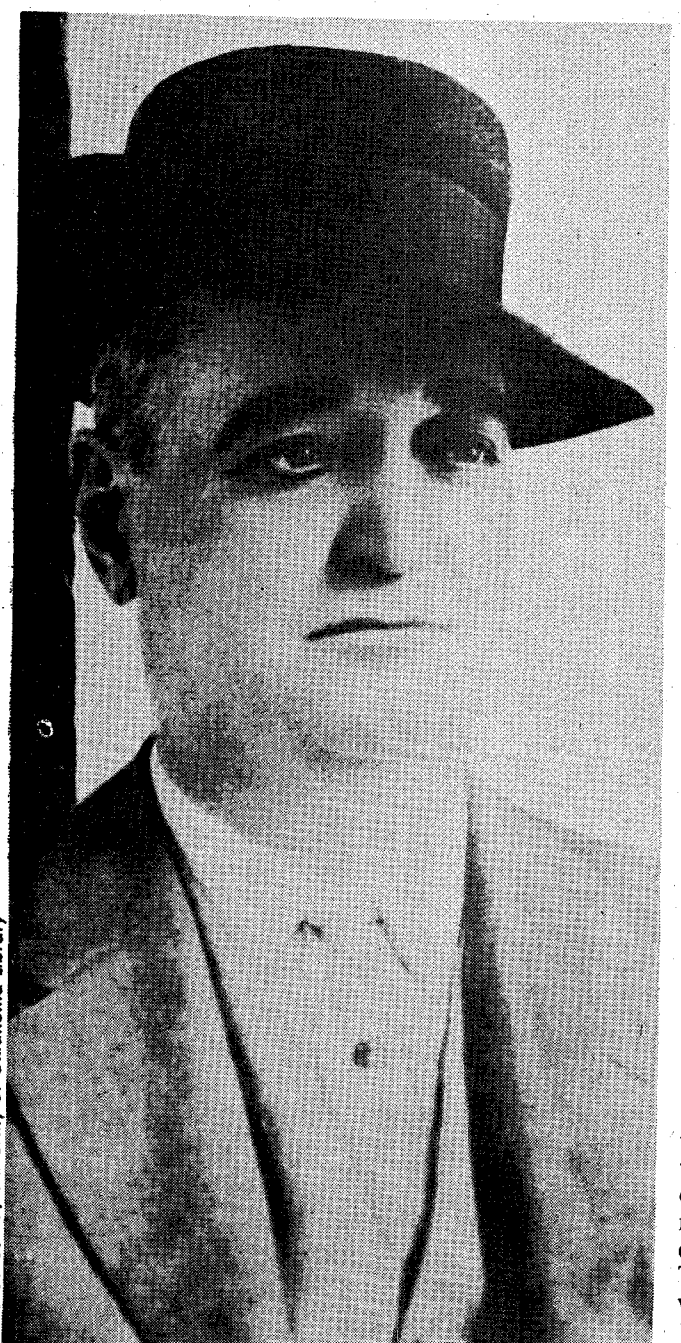
★ A MAN CALLED BAT ★

By Norman B. Wiltsey

When William Barclay Masterson left Illinois as a boy, few thought he was embarking on one of the most glittering, varied careers of any man in history. Billy Dixon, his close friend, told how Bat Masterson became buffalo hunter, Indian Fighter, Army Scout, professional gambler, and frontier sheriff.



Rose Collection, University of Oklahoma Library

Wyatt Earp was marshal of Dodge City at the time Bat Masterson was Sheriff of Ford County.

Buffalo hunter, Indian fighter, Army scout, frontier sheriff, professional gambler, sports writer and editor, deputy U.S. marshal, wit, philosopher, and one of the fastest and gamest gunfighters the Old West ever knew: William Barclay Masterson, commonly called Bat. A complex, intelligent man, moody and not easily understood, nobody ever described Masterson quite so well or succinctly as his good friend and hunting companion, scout and frontiersman, Billy Dixon. Billy, who fought beside Bat in the Indians vs buffalo hide hunters' battle of Adobe Walls, Texas, once called Masterson "... a chunk of steel, and anything that struck him in those days always drew fire."

Bat moved west from Illinois while still a boy, and he took to hunting buffalo for a living as naturally as the Indians who roamed the limitless prairies. There was a vital difference in method and result between the red and the white hunter. Where the Indian, an instinctive conservationist, hunted the great shaggy beasts for meat, hides, and sinews to provide his living, the avaricious white hunter killed only for profit. Tension simmered between the two until 1874 when the Kiowas, Comanches, Cheyennes and Arapahoes determined to drive the white hunters from the Plains. The allied war party struck first on June 27 at Adobe Walls, in present-day Hutchinson County, between Bent Creek and Adobe Creek, just north of the South Canadian River in the Texas Panhandle.

Here, holed up in three sod buildings — a saloon and two stores — 28 buffalo hunters and one woman held off 600 warriors in a three-day battle that went down in history as one of the greatest Indian fights against tremendous odds ever fought on the Plains.

The huge war party, led by the half-breed Comanche chief, Quanah Parker, and sparked by a bugle-blowing Army deserter, attacked at dawn. They had been assured by a Kiowa medicine man that the long-range rifles of the hide hunters had been rendered ineffective by the spells and incantations he had performed to make them harmless. Furthermore, the medicine man declared that if the warriors attacked just at sunup, they would catch the white men asleep. The crafty Kiowa came dangerously close to being right. Luck alone spoiled his prophecy. The ridgepole of one of the buildings — Hanrahan's Saloon — cracked with a loud report at two o'clock in the morning. The awakened hunters were up repairing the damage when the war party struck.

Billy Dixon, out hunting strayed horses, was first to see them. He fired one futile shot at the mass of onrushing warriors, then he dashed for Hanrahan's Saloon, yelling the alarm. Billy, in his published life story, *The Life of Billy Dixon,* graphically describes that whirlwind assault:

"There was never a more splendidly barbaric sight ... Hundreds of warriors, the flower of the fighting men of

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Group of Dodge City gunfighters from an old photograph taken in Kansas City in 1871. Top row: W.H. Harris, Luke Short, Bat Masterson. Bottom Row: C. Bassett, Wyatt Earp, McNeal and Neal Brown.

the southwestern Plains tribes, mounted upon their finest horses, armed with guns and lances and carrying heavy shields of thick buffalo hide, were coming like the wind. Over all was splashed the rich colors of red, vermilion and ocher, on the bodies of the men, on the bodies of the running horses. Scalps dangled from bridles, gorgeous warbonnets fluttered their plumes, bright feathers dangled from the tails and manes of the horses, and the bronzed, half-naked bodies of the riders glittered with ornaments of silver and brass. Behind this headlong charging host stretched the Plains, on whose horizon the rising sun was lifting its morning fires. The warriors seemed to emerge from this glowing background."

That first terrific charge carried right up to the doors of the three buildings where Masterson, Dixon, and their 26 companions crouched behind Sharps buffalo rifles and a few .44-40 repeating Winchesters. These hardy men, whose year-around business was killing, were the finest rifle shots in the world. The heavy slugs from the .50-caliber Sharps knocked the leading braves spinning from their horses, but still the war party drove on. Screeching warriors leaped off their horses and raced in afoot under the muzzles of the booming rifles, hammering on the thick cottonwood doors with the butts of their rifles or firing through the gun-slits in the walls of the buildings. The hunters caught them in a deadly cross fire from the corners of the barricaded windows, slaughtering them by the dozens.

Back in the drifting powder smoke, Quanah Parker saw how the fight was going and waved his plumed lance in a signal to the bugler. The Army deserter sounded the retreat, and the warriors fell back, firing their guns from beneath their horses' necks.

In the succeeding three days the Indians attacked again and again, and each time the cool and expert marksmen in Hanrahan's Saloon and the two stores drove them back with frightful losses. The son of the Cheyenne chief, Stone Calf, fell on the first day, and the bugler was killed on the second. On the third day, Billy Dixon hastened the wavering chief's decision to withdraw by dropping a warrior with a lucky shot from his Sharps. A small party of 15 braves appeared on a bluff nearly seven-eights of a mile off, far beyond accurate rifle range even for the heavy-caliber, long-barreled Sharps.

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From a window of Rath's store, Billy tried a shot with his Big Fifty. He held high to allow for the inevitable drop in the trajectory of the bullet and carefully squeezed off a shot. An Indian fell from his pony following the report, but Billy never would state definitely that this was the warrior he had picked for a target. The chances are good that this one of the luckiest — or unluckiest, according to one's viewpoint — scratch shots on record. In any case, shortly after Billy's coup, the Indians withdrew.
withdrew.

No accurate estimate of enemy casualties could be made, since the red men carried off most of their dead and wounded. Reconnoitering hunters discovered 12 dead warriors and the body of the bugler among the carcasses of 56 dead horses scattered about outside the buildings and hide piles. Only four buffalo hunters were killed in the furious scrap, and one of these died through the accidental discharge of his own rifle while he was descending a ladder leading to an upper floor. Ironically, this man was Bill Olds, husband of the only white woman in the fight.

After the Adobe Walls fight, 24-year-old Bat Materson served a brief hitch with General Miles' tough outfit of the Indian-chasing cavalry before drifting to Dodge City, Kansas, in search of further adventure. Hell-roaring Dodge, on the Santa Fe Railroad, was then the lurid Mecca for gamblers, buffalo hunters, Texas trail drovers, badmen, wandering actors and actresses, pimps and prostitutes. Dodge desperately needed a nervy young man like Bat for a peace officer. In rapid succession he served both as deputy sheriff and sheriff — and all before reaching his 26th birthday.

Masterson's first serious clash with frontier desperadoes came shortly after he was elected sheriff of Dodge. Dave Rudabaugh, who later joined Billy the Kid in New Mexico, robbed a train at Kinsley, Kansas, in company with several boon companions.

Kinsley was well outside Bat's territory of Ford County, but legal technicalities never deterred the young officer. Bat quickly organized a posse and rode 20 miles through a swirling snowstorm to head off the fugitives at a prairie cow camp. Masterson shrewdly figured that the remote camp would be picked by the robbers as a hideout. The posse arrived at the camp well ahead of the outlaws and were waiting with leveled rifles when Rudabaugh and his half-frozen comrades came loping in off the storm-swept prairie. Dave surrendered without a fight, openly admiring the young sheriff's guts and savvy.

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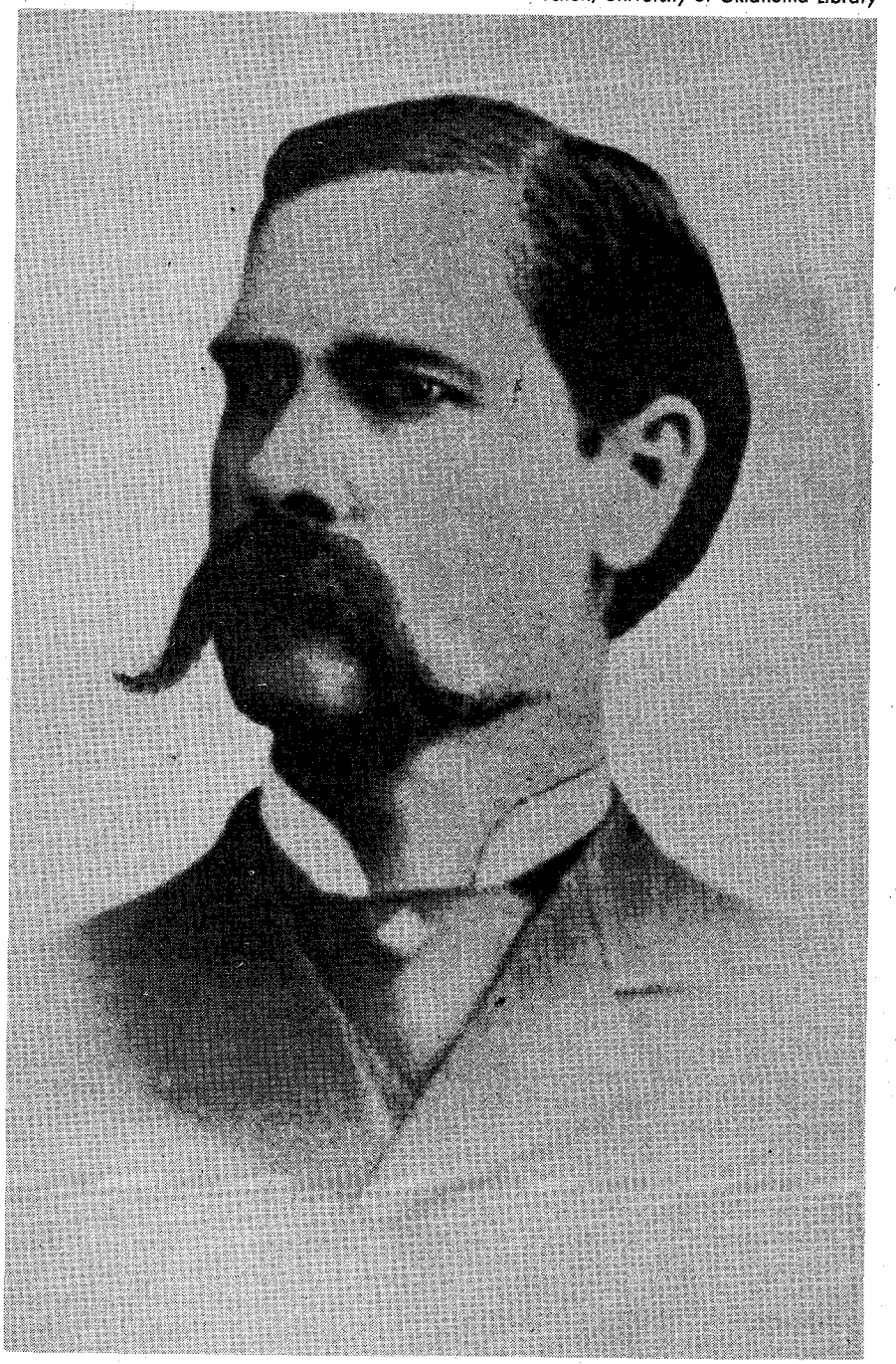

William B. (Bat) Masterson in later years when he became a noted writer and boxing expert.

Young Masterson had taken on a man-sized job riding herd on Dodge City and environs. The Texas cowhands who drove the bawling longhorns up the Chisholm Trail from the Lone Star State were a wild bunch who frankly detested the Kansas "Yanks" and were ready at any time to express their contempt with bullets. Bat strove constantly to improve relations between the rival factions, and he finally prevailed upon the boys to check their sixguns at the sheriff's office and call a temporary truce before whooping it up at saloons and dance-halls in Dodge.

There were occasions, however, when the bad men of the town tested the mettle of the youthful sheriff and found it steel. Ben Thompson, the Texas gambler rated by Bat as the slickest gunfighter the Old West ever produced, tangled with Masterson one hectic night at Springer's Theater. Ben, well oiled with redeye whiskey, stormed backstage to pester famed comedian, Eddie Foy.

(continued on page 50)

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Conducted by Thomas A. Frazier

Q. Surely your records must contain something about that notorious immigrant family, the Benders? V. Kolchek, Lawton, Oklahoma.
A. Indeed they do. There were immigrants, and then again, there were immigrants. Most of the people were honest, hard-working and true, looking only for a new start. But the Benders brought something dark and twisted with them when they trekked West. The Bender family consisted of a father, about sixty years of age, a mother about fifty, one son in his late twenties, and a daughter, Kate, about twenty-three.

In 1872 they settled near Cherryvale, in Labette County, Kansas, where they established an inn and general store. The Benders were tall, raw-boned people who spoke with a heavy gutteral accent. Their building was a log cabin, twenty feet long and sixteen feet wide, containing one room with a heavy canvas curtain down the middle which divided the combination inn and grocery store from their living quarters. Buxom daughter Kate was a spiritualist who, in the course of her seances in the little outlying settlements, lured several amorous swains to her home grounds.

They were never seen again. Daddy and Brother also did their best to increase the family bank account. If a weary, wayworn traveler showed any signs of wealth, they would serve him his supper with his back to the canvas curtain from behind which the Bender Boys would bash his head in with a sledgehammer. The bodies were buried later on the prairie. The hue-and-cry incident on the disappearance of a prominent doctor who made the mistake of dining there caused them to pack up and flee. No factual account of their capture exists.

Q. What did Albert Fall, Secretary of the Interior, have to do with the gunfighter, John Wesley Hardin? L. Alger, Frankfort, Kentucky.
A. Nothing, directly. Albert Fall, later Secretary of the Interior under President Harding (and jailed for his part in the Teapot Dome scandal). defended John Selman who was charged with murdering Hardin. Fall got him off, claiming self-defense, as, he said, Hardin was going for a gun in his shoulder holster.

Q. How did the famous gunfighter, Clay Allison, die? B. Neumann, Holland, Michigan.
A. Very ingloriously. Handsome Clay, in addition to being a gunfighter, was a roaring alcoholic. While traveling in his wagon, very drunk, he fell out and a heavy wheel rolled over his neck, killing him.

Q. What was Butch Cassidy's real name? C. Sherman, New Iberia, La.
A. Butch Cassidy of the Wild Bunch was christened Robert Leroy Parker.

Q. Let's see how good you are. What are culls, wrinkle horns, and swamp angels? P. Del Nero, El Paso, Texas.
A. Well, we did have to look them up. Culls are scrubby cows or other animals. In logging, a cull is a tree or log of salable size rendered unsalable because of poor form, rot, etc. Used as a verb, cull means to reject. A wrinkle-horn is an old steer whose horns have become wrinkled and scaly. A swamp angel is what cowboys call a man from Louisiana or Arkansas; also what a logger calls a man who works in the swamps; also a stranger who comes to the lumber camp.

Q. In your last issue you mentioned about the beaver being almost wiped out. How come, when there certainly weren't as many beaver trappers as there were buffalo hunters? B. Jackowski, Cedar Falls, Iowa.
A. First, there were never as many beaver as there were buffalo. The beaver is not too prolific, showing only about a twenty percent increase a year if left alone. Second, there were only about ten million beaver when America was first settled. Third, the beaver does not move around much; he stays within a limited area, tending his dam and just waiting to be killed.

Q. How big a man was Judge Roy Bean? when did he die? When did his wife die? C. Andriesse, Columbus, Ind.
A. "Judge" Roy Bean, "Law West of the Pecos", was about five feet, ten inches in height, and weighed about 190 pounds. He died on March 19, 1903, aged 78. His wife died November 26, 1922, aged 77.

Q. How many wild horses were there in this country when the horse herds were at their peak? P. Spinelli, Athens, Ga.
A. Most authorities agree that the peak was reached around the middle of the last century, and the number is estimated at from two to five million.

Q. I recently saw a reproduction of a painting of a cowboy, complete with rifle and revolver, standing on a cliff with a background of golden mountains. The rifle had just been fired, as there was smoke coming from the barrel. Can you identify? V. Gardiner, Cedar Falls, Iowa.
A. From your description we would venture to say that the painting is "The Last Stand". It was done by the famous N. C. Wyeth in 1906 and is supposed to the "last stand" of an outlaw.

Q. Someone told me that the famous and flamboyant cattle king, Shanghai Pierce, was born in, of all places, Rhodes Island! Is it true? C. Huttson, St. Paul, Minn.
A. Indeed it is. Shanghai (Abel) Pierce was born in Little Compton, R.I. on June 29, 1834.

Q. I had a grandfather who fought in the Civil War. Can you tell me where to write to get more information about him? C. O. Eames, Gilman, Iowa.
A. Coming from Iowa, we assume he was a Union man. In that case we suggest you write to:

Department of the Army
Washington, D.C.
Military Records Division

In cas you do not receive satisfaction, a letter to your senator or congressman will get you what you want.

Q. Can you tell me the name of the theme song played in the "Cisco Kid" movie with Leo Carillo in the supporting role? J. Wolf, Prior Lake, Minn.
A. We're sorry, but we don't know. Perhaps if you write to United Artists, in Hollywood, California (they made the series), they might be able to tell you. In the meantime, if any of our readers remember the name of the melody, please write to Mr. Wolf, P. O. Box 249, Prior Lake, Minn. 55372, with our thanks. ●RW

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REAL WEST MOVIE HALL OF FAME

JACK HOLT

By Mario A. DeMarco

I first met Jack Holt when he was doing a western movie at Republic Studios which was entitled *My Pal Trigger*. Jack was very friendly and told me that he was happiest when he was in front of the cameras, doing a western. It gave him a chance to ride and to be in the outdoors.

When he walked and stood straight, you could almost guess that there was quite a bit of the "military" in this great action star. There was also a very amusing characteristic about him: when you looked at his profile, he resembled the famous comic strip character, "Dick Tracy". With his nose and square-jawed chin he was a "dead ringer" for him. Jack was amused when he was told this and often stated that the cartoonist must have used him as a model for his strip.

Jack's life story could have been made into several movies, for it was full of adventure and quite exciting. He was born Charles John Holt on May 31, 1888 in Winchester, Virginia.

His father was an Episcopalian minister. Jack received his education at the Trinity School in New York City and later he attended the Virginia Military Institute. His earlier ambition of becoming a lawyer was dropped and he took up engineering. His first job was with a railroad. This didn't suit him, so he packed up and headed for the great outdoors of Alaska, prospecting for gold.

From there he headed West and became a cowboy. He worked as a cowpoke for several years on various ranches throughout the West.

He became interested in acting and joined up with a traveling group of actors in 1909. He traveled the circuit for four years and ended up in Hollywood, playing bit parts in the movies. In one western picture entitled *Salomy Jane*, he rode his horse over a cliff, dropping 30 feet into the water below. This stunt proved to be the break that he needed, and he was on his way to star billing.

In those years as a "silent" star he became associated with studios like Vitaphone, Ince and Universal, and his early training as an action star developed slowly. After appearing in several chapter plays for Universal, he was signed up by Paramount Studios in 1920. It was there that he played in a number of Zane Grey's famous novels and became one of the leading box office stars. These pictures were full of action and adventure, typical of his early life.

When the "talkies" came, Jack didn't have any trouble adapting to the new media. His earlier training as a stage actor had helped him greatly. From Paramount he moved to several of the lesser studios and then was signed by Columbia Studios, where he portrayed many of the he-man roles that kept him at the top. He also managed to be a supporting star for many of the other major studios, such as RKO, MGM and Twentieth Century.

When World War II broke out, Jack enlisted in the Army and was assigned to the U.S. Cavalry for four years. He returned to his acting career and became a leading character actor, gaining much success. Jack had just finished playing MGM's super western, *Across the Wide Missouri*, which starrred Clark Gable, when he suffered a heart attack. He passed away on January 18, 1951 at the age of 63. In his 30-odd years as an action star, he made over 70 feature films in his long and distinguished career.

His son, Tim Holt, went on to become a western star in his own right. Jack's daughter, Jennifer, became well known as a leading lady in westerns, both becoming a credit to their famous Dad.

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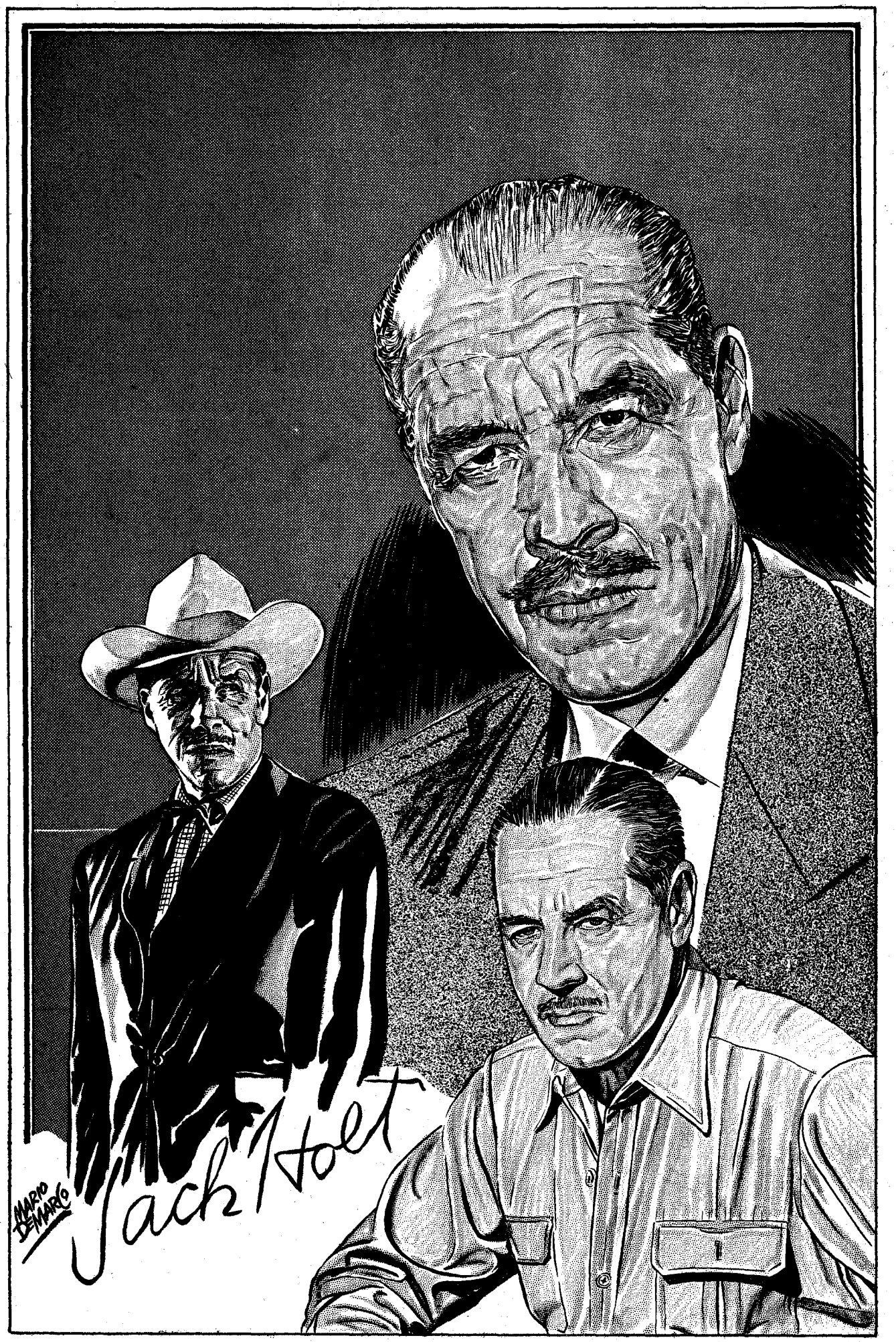

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The Day Train Robber RUBE BURROW Was KILLED

He didn't rob his first train until he was thirty-two years old but from then on Rube Burrow became as skilled at his violent trade as any outlaw in the West. Most train robbers used five, six, or even more to pull a job. Rube Burrow was one of only two men in history to rob a train single-handed.

By Carl W. Breihan

On a rainswept morning in 1886, eight years after the Battle of Round Rock, the ghost of Sam Bass loomed from its grave and threw its filmy shadow across the Bellevue Water Station of the Fort-Worth & Denver Railroad in Central Texas.

On that morning a gaunt, thirty-two-year-old Alabaman started down the highway of crime. Before he was through, he was to blaze a trail of death and robbery that rivaled the career of his idol — Sam Bass — in daring and ingenuity. A hybrid criminal, he used the techniques of the Daltons and the Renos. He spurred the sympathy and respect of the press as much as Sam Bass had demanded its respect. Like Jesse and Frank James, his feats won admirers in five different states, ready to come to his aid when the hot breath of the law scorched his back. And like King Fisher, he created controversy in death.

That morning at Bellevue, two masked bandits robbed the passengers but, oddly enough, did not go near the express car. Six weeks later at Gordon, Texas, a station of the Texas-Pacific Railroad, two masked men robbed the express car and registered mail of some five thousand dollars. The two bandits ... Rube Burrow and Henderson Bromley.

On June 3, 1887, several masked men robbed the train at Ben Brook, a way station enroute to Fort Worth. Three months later, five men robbed the same train carrying the same conductor and engineer at the same place ... Ben Brook.

Other successful train robberies occurred. Finally Rube took his brother, Jim, in with the gang. It was a good arrangement until Jim was captured and later taken to Texarkana for trial. Rube Burrow planned to help his favorite brother escape, but to no avail. On October 5, 1888, Jim died in his cell of a fever.

Two months went by. It seemed as though the earth had opened up and swallowed Burrow. But on December 15, 1888, an Illinois Central train was robbed near Duck Hill, Mississippi by Rube and one of his men. Chester Hughes, a volunteer to fight off the robbers, was killed.

Rube Burrow took refuge in the Florida swamps where he was safe. There his fertile brain concocted the idea to try something that hitherto had been unheard of in crime annals — a singlehanded train robbery. To try it under the very noses of the law required admirable courage and daring. Burrow had both.

On September 1, 1890, a coarsely dressed man boarded the train at Flomaton, Alabama, just across the state line from Florida and near Burrow's hiding place. Nobody paide much attention when he stepped into the car next to the engine. The next thing the engineer knew, he was peering into the holes of a pair of .45 calibre pistols. The man ordered the engineer to take the train to the Escambia River Bridge and stop there, leaving only the engine and express car extending over the ground.

When the train had stopped, Burrow forced the engineer and the fireman, a Negro, to jump off the train. He ordered them to walk back to the express car, but the Negro broke and ran into the timber. Burrow fired several shots at him but missed. He turned quickly and made his way back to the messenger car, all the while talking toward the bush to give the impression that several persons were hiding there. He forced the engineer to pound on the express-car door with a pick until it shattered.

The messenger, who had decided to put up a fight, dropped his rifle when he saw Burrow's two pistols staring him in the eye. At the outlaw's orders, the messenger stuffed all the money from the safe into a sack. Then Burrow calmly walked off into the woods. He made his escape without even having a horse to use in the getaway!

Never in the history of outlawry had the law been so flagrantly flaunted. The peace officers of the entire southeast were humiliated by Burrow's precedent-shattering feat. The possiblity of a lone train robber had been considered too ridiculous to try. With the newspapers laughing at them and the people losing faith, officers and detectives pledged an unceasing war against the Lamar bandit. They were determined that Burrow would not laugh in the face of the law again. They contacted various police agencies and began a sprawling, untiring search of the thick pine jungles along the Gulf coasts.

"Bring in Burrow."

Shoot first. Ask questions later."

"Don't give him any quarter."

These were the orders. A vigilant stake-out was maintained on every spot where Burrow was known to have visited one time or another. Burrow, however, was keeping as expert an eye on the police as they were trying to keep on him. He headed for the Barnes' cabin. Barnes had been a friend of Burrow but wanted to turn him in for the reward. While the outlaw was eating his meal, Barnes slipped out and sent a wire to the lawmen.

Afraid they would miss him at the Barnes place, detectives were quickly dispatched to Lamar County on the chance that Rube was heading there. Others were sent to track him from the Barnes place. It was learned that Burrow was heading for Bell's Landing, and a posse made haste to pursue him there. Racing now against odds, Rube grabbed the only boat available at the landing and rowed across the river. The officers, crossing the river at a lower point, employed a covered wagon in which to follow the elusive bandit. The trail led toward Demopolis. Near that point, Burrow took refuge in an abandoned cabin. Officers, aided by two citizens named J. Carter and

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Rube Burrow, famous train robber from Lamar County, Alabama. He was the first to singlehandedly hold up a train.

McDuffie, were combing the woods at the edge of the river.

On October 7, a Negro named Jesse Hildreth saw smoke rising from the chimney of the cabin and walked in to find Burrow asleep. He awakened him before realizing he was the most wanted outlaw in the States.

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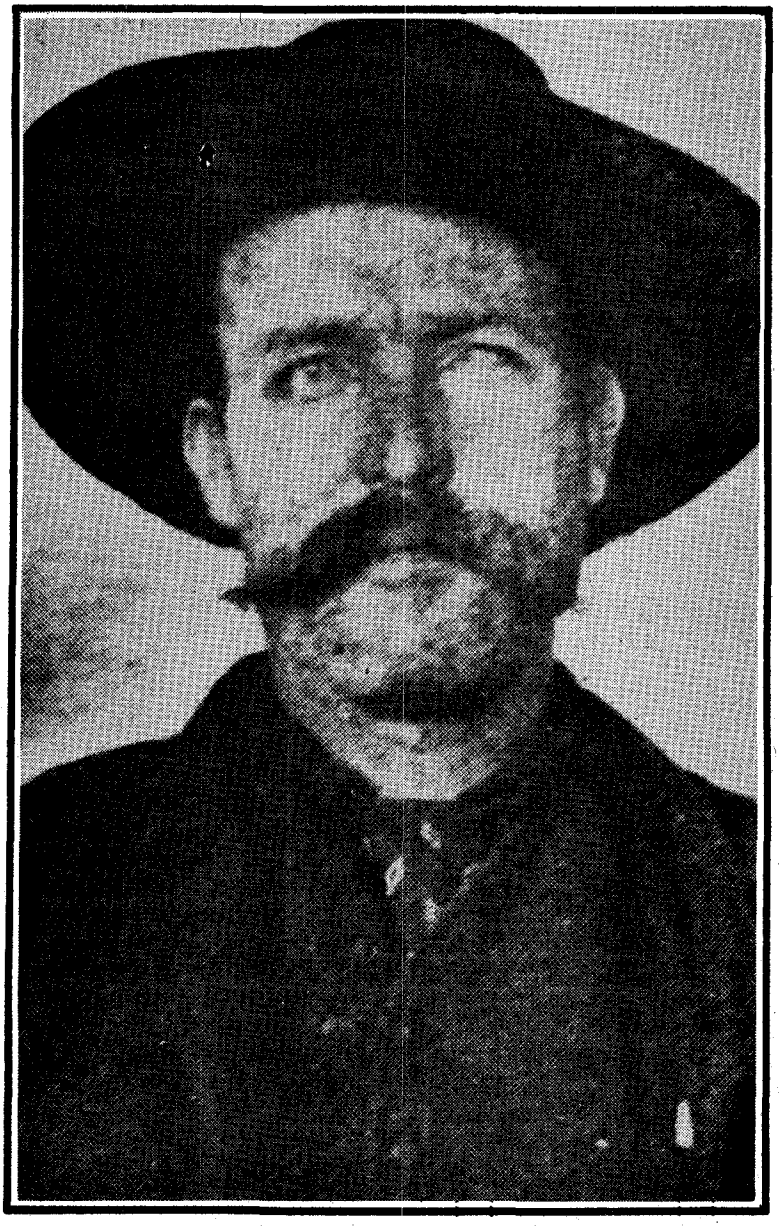

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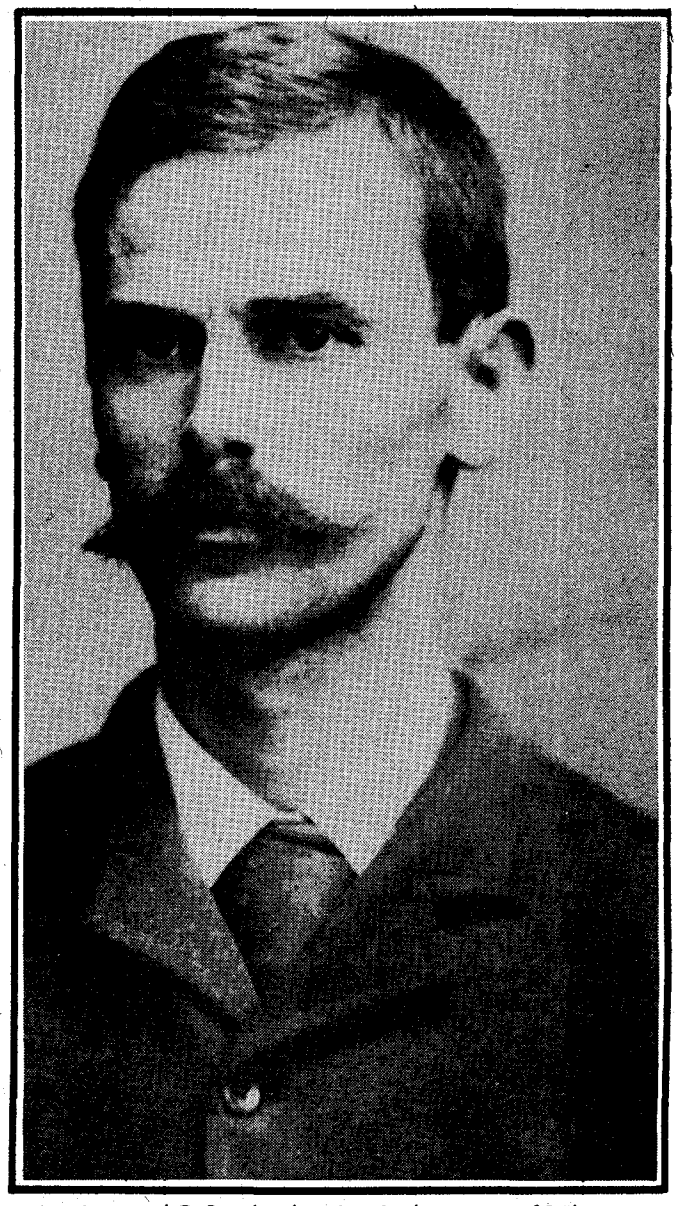
W.L. Brock, brother of Leonard, and an associate of Rube Burrow.



Leonard C. Brock, alias Joe Jackson, one of Rube Burrow's gang. He committed suicide by jumping from his 4th-story cell while awaiting trial.

The Negro kept calm, pretending he thought Burrow was some tramp. Hildreth was an enormous man with arms like steel ties, He told Burrow he was looking for some lost cattle; he had a horse and planned to keep Rube in sight and even offered to sell him the horse. The two men went outside to look at the animal, and while Burrow was looking it over, it began to rain.

"Hell, let's not stand out here in the rain,"said Burrow.

"Let's go up a way, a friend of mine lives there," said Hildreth.

"That cabin ain't nohow, jes' like standin' outside."

They went to the cabin of a Negro named George Ford to seek shelter until the rain died down. Jesse stepped outside for a moment on the pretense of caring for his horse and told another black man named Marshall to locate some of the men in the posse and bring them to the cabin. Marshall quickly located McDuffie and one of the police officers, and they returned to the cabin and met Hildreth. They decided to try and catch Burrow without any forewarning to avoid any chance of gunplay. Hildreth and Marshall entered the cabin to attempt to disarm Burrow.

When they entered, Burrow was seated near the fire, peacefully wrapping some of his belongings in waterproof material. He never suspected a thing. Jesse offered to help him and, in walking past Burrow, knocked his rifle to the floor. As the outlaw leaned to pick it up, the huge Negro wrapped his vise-like arms around him. Burrow bucked and roared in anger, but Marshall leaped upon him, and the three men crashed to the floor. McDuffie and the police officer rushed into the cabin and leveled their guns at Burrow.

"Okay, Rube," McDuffie said, "you're through. Just relax."

He was disarmed and bound, and by nightfall he was in the county jail at Linden.

As in the case of ther celebrated outlaws, the news that Burrow had been captured was greeted with disbelief. But the next day the Mobile, Alabama, *Register*, carried the full story:

"Demopolis, Ala., Oct. 7th — This afternoon in South Marengo, Mr. John McDuffie and others, sent out by the Southern Express Company, captured the real, genuine Rube Burrow. As reported in the daily papers before, he was making his way back to Lamar County, had passed through Monroe, and has been in Marengo the past two days.

Dectives in number, assisted by

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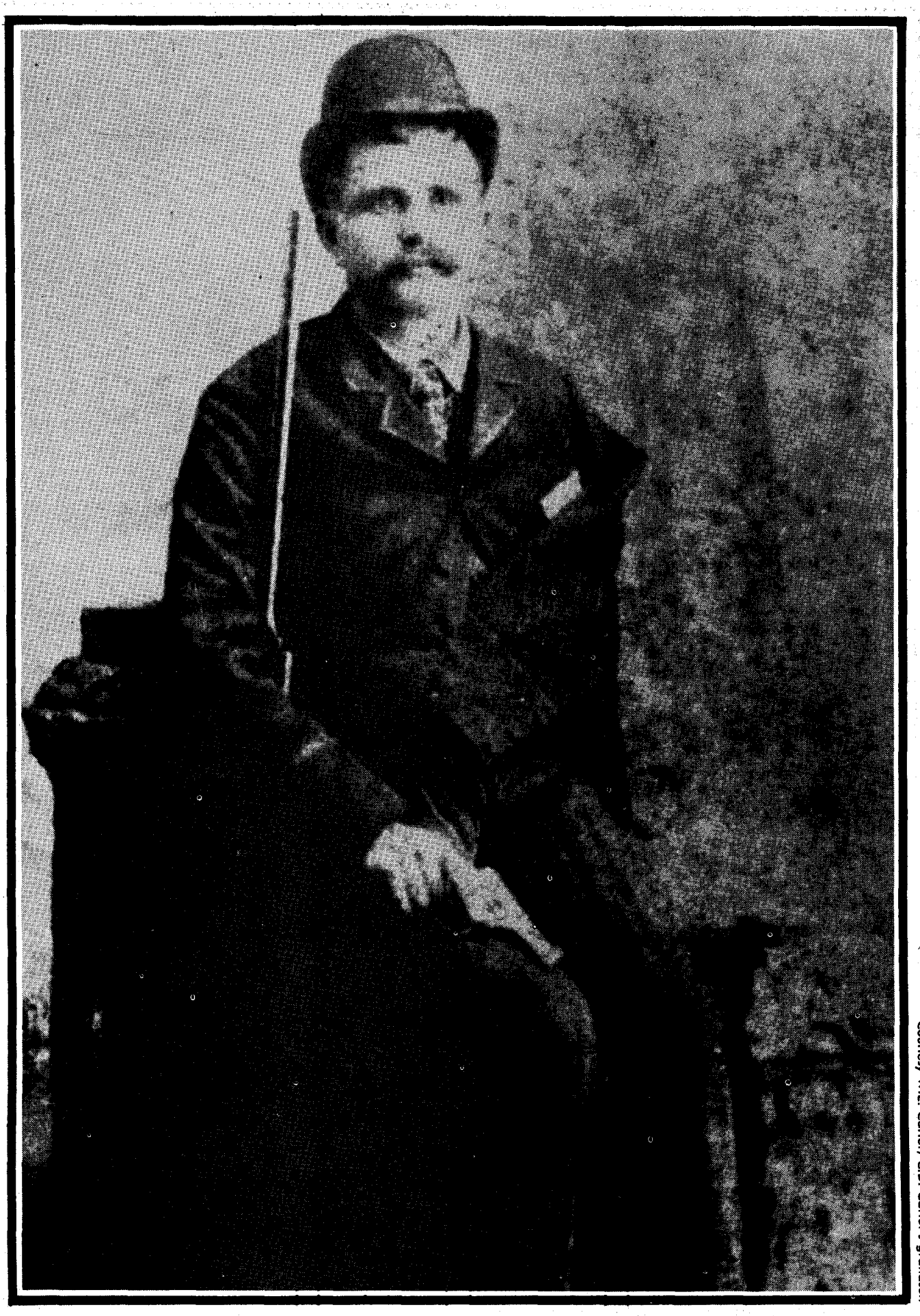

Courtesy W.E. Carter, C.D. Carter's grandson

J.D. Carter, the man who killed Rube Burrow. He is shown holding the .32 caliber pistol he used in the killing, and he is holding one of Rube's rifles.

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Edward T. LeBlanc dime novel collection

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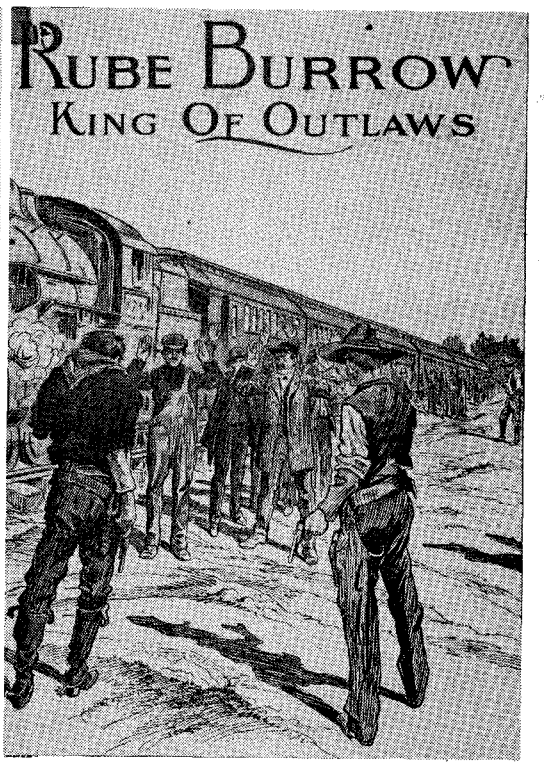

Group of three biographical publications issued after his capture and death.

deputy sheriffs, have been close behind him in this county since Sunday. Today McDuffie came upon Burrow, who had stopped out of the rain in a house. Mr. McDuffie arranged with two colored men to go in the house ostensibly for some other purpose. Rube had placed his rifle in the corner of the room, but had his revolvers on him.

The darkey engaged him in conversation and then grabbed him by his hands, preventing his shooting. He fought the darkeys manfully until McDuffie and others got in, when, after a desperate struggle, they succeeded in conquering and securely tying the great desperado.

McDuffie went to Lindel jail this afternoon with Rube strapped hard and fast in front of him on his horse, laid across, head on one side and feet on the other. His position was painful, but his captors could allow him no possible chance to escape.

The great Rube is now in jail in reality. He had only $178 on his person. Mr. Agee and Mr. Fisher, Superintendents of the Southern Express Company, ate in the city, and will go to Linden to pay Rube a call tonight. Supt. Agee is greatly enthused over the capture of the long-sought and hunted Rube, and is the happiest man in Demopolis tonight.

The two colored men showed great courage in making the first steps toward capturing Rube. They will doubtlessly be handsomely rewarded. The whole amount of rewards for Rube is said to be $3500 or more, of which McDuffie will receive a large share.

This town is in a fever of excitement over the news of the celebrated capture. Linden jail will have the honor of having first held the notorious outlaw in chains.

Mr. D. J. Meador sent a special courier to Superintendents Fisher and Agee last night, stating that Burrow passed his house yesterday making inquiries as to a ferry nearby. All the detectives came to this place last night for consultation with Messrs. Fisher and Agee. This morning they left for the place of Rube's whereabouts.

The deputy sheriff of this county, Beck, and McDuffie showed special determination in the hunt. There were originally five men in the Burrow's gang, and all five have now been arrested. No man is now at large, who can say that he ever robbed a Southern Express train. Superintendents Agee and Fisher inform me that about $10,000 have been spent in the capture of Burrow and his gang.

Rube does not hesitate to acknowledge his name and identity. He will be brought here tomorrow. Messrs. McDuffie, J. D. Carter, and two colored men captured Rube without a drop of blood being spilt."

It might be interesting to note that at the time of Burrow's capture the following rewards were posted for his capture: by Mobile and Ohio Railroad and Southern Express Company, $2,000; by the United States Government, $1,000 for each member of the band; by the Illinois Central Railroad and Southern Express Company, $1,000; by the State of Mississippi, $500; by the State of Arkansas and also the St. Louis, Arkansas and Texas Railway Company, $500; by the State of Alabama, $500.

People traveled many miles just to read the bulletins posted on the Burrow capture. Others streamed into Linden to see Rube behind bars. It was true. Rube Burrow was finally under lock and key.

At the time of his capture, Burrow had only one pistol on his person. He told officers that the others had weighed him down and he had sold them. According to McDuffie, his ration bag contained nothing dangerous. At nightfall people began to leave the jail cell and return to their homes. During supper, Burrow's handcuffs were removed and were not returned. Several guards had been detailed to watch him, among them being McDuffie, Frank Marshall, and Jesse Hildreth. Burrow was so pleasant and relaxed they became suspicious and kept their eyes on him all night. The outlaw spent the night in a room in the jail and was not lodged in a cell.

(continued on page 48)

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

REAL WEST facts about the Indian and his way of life.

By NONO MINOR, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.

MORE ABOUT THE LESSER KNOWN INDIAN TRIBES

There is still much interest in the lesser known Indian tribes of North America and their history. Many of the tribes were quite numerous, but now they number only a few or have completely disappeared.

The Wampanoag were one of these tribes; their name had the same meaning as Abnaki or 'Eastern People'. They were also referred to as the Massasoits after a famous chief, or Philip's Indians after their chief, King Philip. They belonged to the Algonquian linguistic stock and were located in Rhode Island, east of Narragansett Bay; Bristol County, Massachusetts; the southern part of Plymouth County, below Brockton and Marshfield; and also the extreme western part of Barnstable.

The Indians of Martha's Vineyard were included with this tribe along with the Nantucket, Saconnet or Sakonnet, of Sakonnet Point, Rhode Island. They controlled Narragansett Bay until the Narragansett Indians conquered it. Some early historians, on the Norse voyages to America, felt Mount Hope Bay, in the territory of the Wampanoag, was visited and settled by the Icelanders about 1000-1010, but this theory has never been proven to any satisfaction. In 1602 Martha's Vineyard was visited by the explorer, Bartholomew Gosnold, who was offered friendship by the Indians.

In 1620 the Pilgrims made a treaty with Massasoit, head chief of the Wampanoag; when he died in 1662, he was succeeded by two sons in succession, the second of whom, Metacomet or Metacom, is the famed King Philip. Bad treatment plus the steady influx of white settlers into his territory caused King Philip to organize a native confederacy against them. King Philip, head of 500 warriors plus those from the Merrimac river to the Thames, waged war on the whites.

This war began in 1675 and lasted two years, being one of the most destructive wars in the history of New England and most disastrous for the Indians. King Philip and many other leading chiefs were killed, and the Wampanoag and Narragansett were practically exterminated. The survivors fled to the Sakonnet who had remained neutral.

Many of the Indians who surrendered were sold into slavery, a few escaped to the various Praying Villages in Massachusetts. The Indians of Martha's Vineyard and those of Cape Cod had not joined the confederacy and so maintained peace with the white settlers. In 1763 more Wampanoag were lost through an epidemic; in 1764 two or three mixed-bloods were left; by 1855 Abram Quary was the last known of the Wampanoag.

The term "Cusabo" was used to designate the Combahee, Coosa, Edisto, Kiawaw, Etiwaw, St. Helena, Stono, Wapoo and Westo Indians. They belonged to the Muskhogean linguistic family and lived between Charleston, South Carolina and the Savannah River. The Cusabo occupied the coast, while the Coosa lived inland. Early navigators probably visited the Cusabo, but their first mention in history is in connection with a slave-hunting expedition sent out by Vasquese de Ayllon in 1521.

Landing a little north of Cusabo territory and offering friendship to the Indians, he carried away 70 natives and sent them to Spain. One of these Indians later furnished the historian, Peter Martyr, with information about the Indian's homeland. In 1525 Ayllon sent another expedition to this region, and in 1526 he established a colony there; this was later moved nearer the Savannah River. After Ayllon died, trouble broke out among the survivors, and in the middle of the following winter they went to Haiti.

In 1540 Hernando De Soto passed through this country, but it was not until 1562 that Jean Ribault established another European settlement at Port Royal. With the assistance of the Indians the small colony was able to maintain itself. However, when no aid came from France many abandoned the colony.

In 1564 a Spanish vessel came to the coast with the purpose of expelling the French. Later in that year, a second Huguenot colony was established on the St.. Johns River, Florida, but it was destroyed by the Spanish in 1565. Fort San Felipe was built in 1566, and from 1568 to 1570 attempts were made to missionize the Indians. In 1576 an Indian uprising compelled the abandonment of the fort, but it was soon reoccupied and an Indian town destroyed as reprisal.

In 1577 another Indian uprising again forced the abandonment of the fort which was again reoccupied in 1582. Five years later, this fort was abandoned permanently. Communications were kept up between the Cusabo and St. Augustine by occasional visits of Franciscan Friars. Between 1633 and 1655 a new mission, called Chatuache, was established in the Cusabo territory; but after the English settled South Carolina in 1670, there appears to have been no regular mission here.

Charleston was founded on Cusabo soil, and all remained peaceful until 1671 when a short war broke out between the English and the Coosa Indians. In 1674 there was trouble between the Stono Indians and the colonists. In 1675 the Coosa Indians surrendered to the English a large tract of land, and in 1682 more land cessions were signed by several of the Cusabo chiefs.

Several Cusabo accompanied Colonel Barnwell in his expedition against the Tuscarora in 1711-12; in 1712 the Island of Palawana, near the Island of St. Helena, was granted to them. These were mostly the Southern Cusabo and did not include the Kiawa or Coosa. In 1743 the Kiawa were given land south of the Combahee River. Some of the Coosa joined the Catawba, while some went to the Creeks. One band of Coosa may have gone to Florida.

The Apalachee belonged to the Muskhogean linguistic family, the meaning of their name was probably from the Choctaw, 'apalache' or 'helper'. They were one of the principal tribes of Florida, holding the lands north of the bay now called by that name. Their chief towns were near the present Tallahassee and St. Marks. They first appeared in history

(continued on page 62)

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By
Ralph Lebec

Cerro Colorado's

Photo by author

The ruins of the Heintzelman diggings at Cerro Colorado.

Brady Collection, National Archives

General Samuel P. Heintzelman, founder of old Fort Yuma and the first president of the mine at Cerro Colorado. As a Major he gained a reputation as a relentless Indian fighter.

About forty miles south-by-west of Tucson, Arizona, in a remote and rarely visited area, a little red mountain rises ruggedly above the rolling hills. On the eastern slope of this diminutive peak, stark and denuded, stand a group of adobe ruins. These skeletons of past structures, scorched by the glaring desert sun, are over one hundred years old.

The little red mountain bears the appropriate title of *Cerro Colorado* from which the district derives its name. The bleached relics of yesteryear on its eastern slope are all that remain of a mine that was once called the most fabulous in the entire world; a mine that today is but a mere legend; a mine whose short and tragic life goes unparalleled in the lore of the west; a mine known today only by old mines enthusiasts as the Heintzelman diggings at Cerro Colorado.

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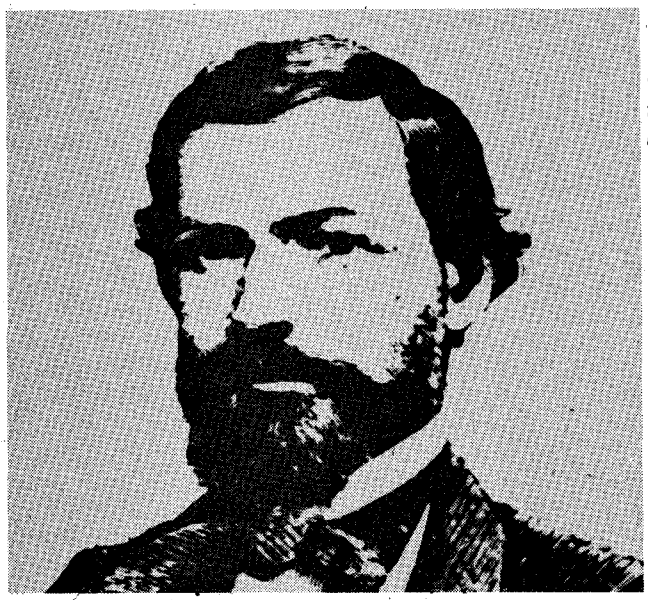
HEINTZELMAN MINE

Its history though sad and tragic, reads like a fantastic yarn.

Once a great furor was raised when a wagon load of the precious ore managed after great difficulty to reach Kansas City. The mere sight of such wealth caused the uproar. Another time a tremendous chunk of pure silver was literally gouged from the rock and delivered to the Southern Confederacy to help in their war effort. Sam Colt, the famous gun maker who was interested in sinking some money into this mine, asked for proof of its wealth. He was presented a huge lump of the purest silver, more than enough to mold a brace of pistols. President Abe Lincoln received a beautiful inkstand cast of bright metal from these diggings.

Of all the storied mines of the early



Charles Debrille Poston discovered the immensely rich silver lode.

Arizona Pioneer's Historical Society

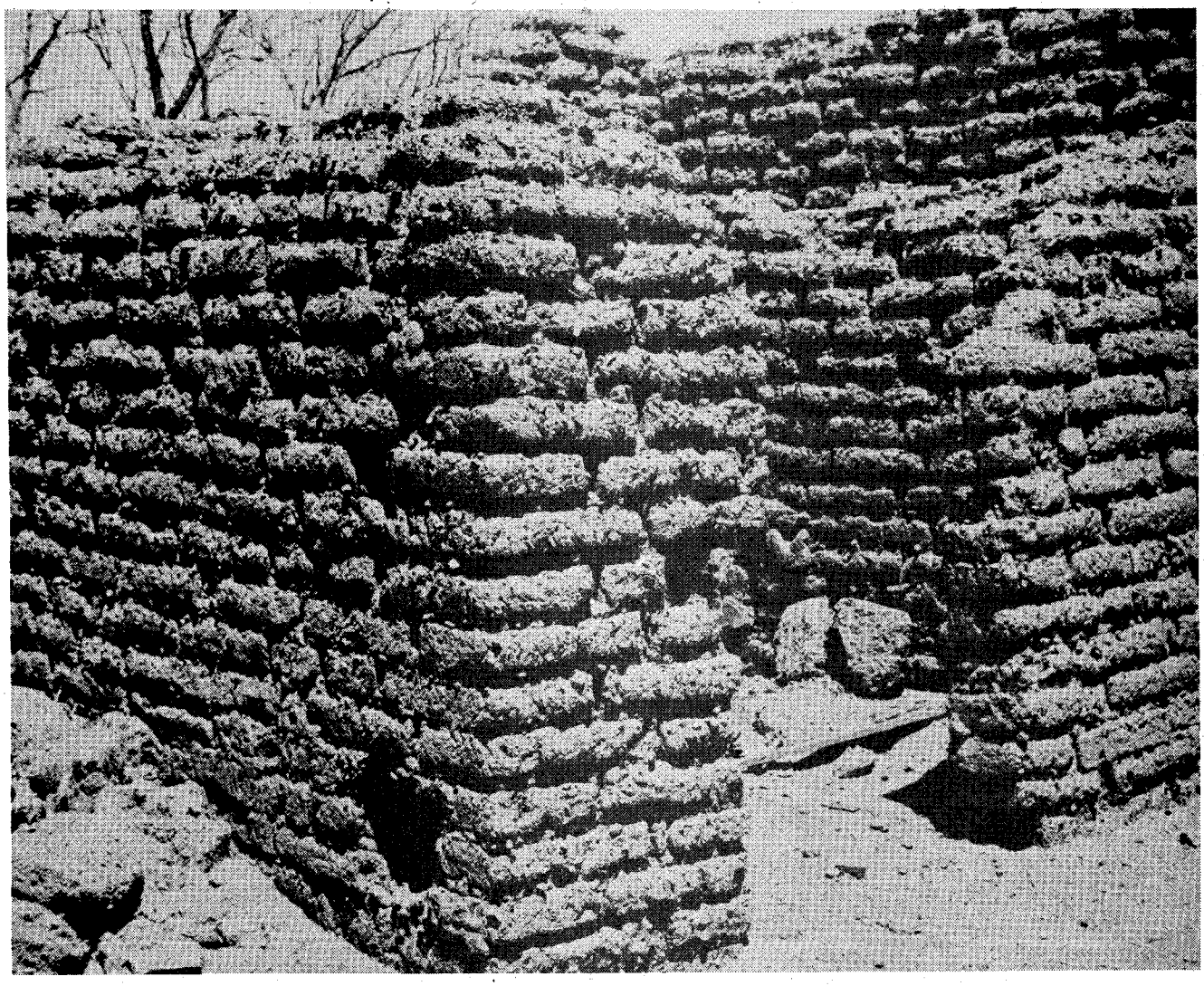


Photo by author

The output of the mine in silver bullion was stored in this strongroom. It was later looted by miners.

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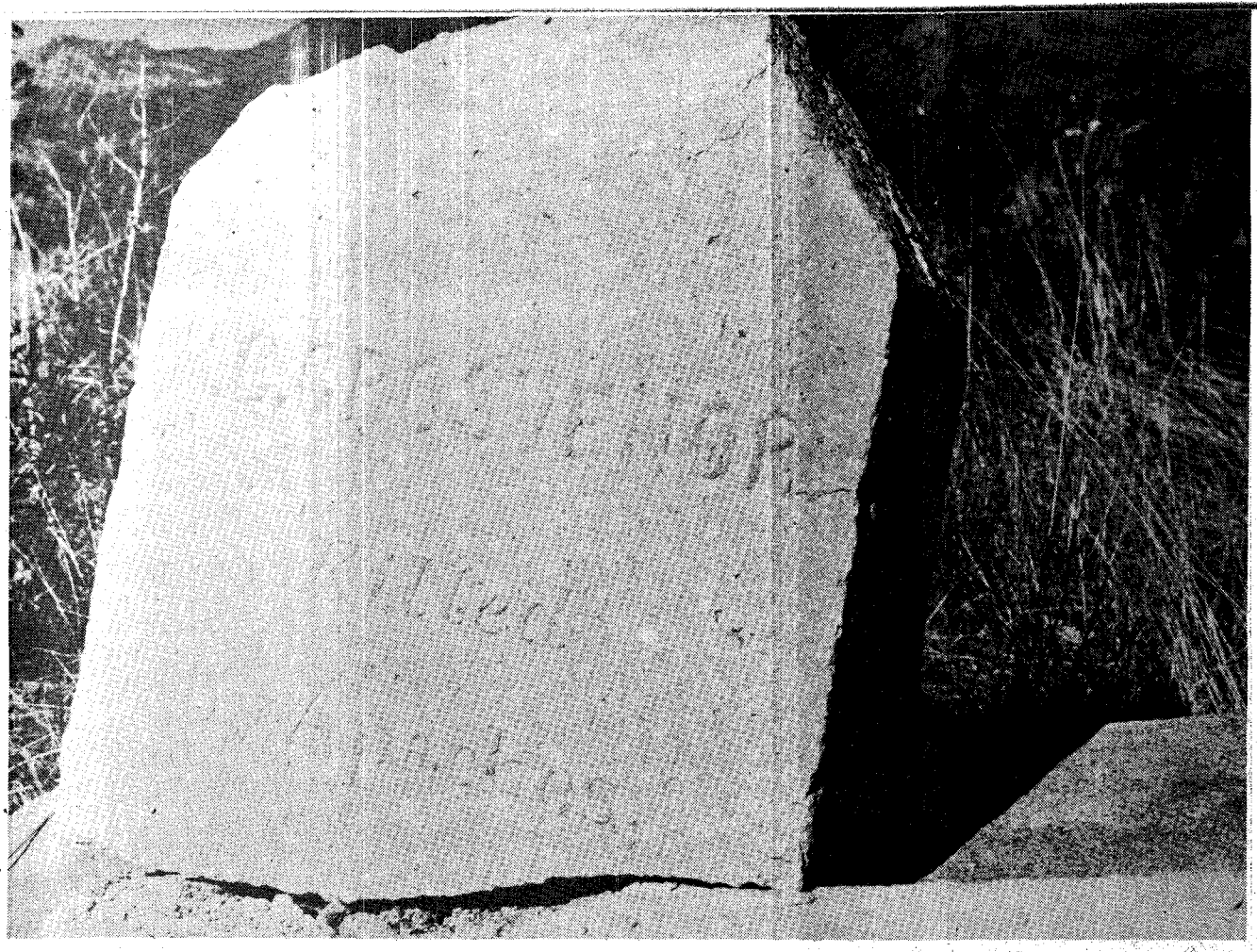

Photo by author

The countryside around Cerro Colorado is dotted with countless graves as above.

A list of the officials from an 1857 report on the mine. Wrightson was killed by a band of Chiricahua Apaches. Frederick Brunckow was murdered by his Mexican employees while operating another mine.

OFFICERS OF THE COMPANY.

CINCINNATI.

MAJOR S. P. HEINTZELMAN, U. S. A., PRESIDENT.

W. WRIGHTSON, SECRETARY.

EDGAR CONKLING, GENERAL AGENT.

GADSDEN PURCHASE.

COL. CHARLES D. POSTON, COMMANDANT AND MANAGING AGENT, AT TUBAC.

HERMAN EHRENBURG, TOPOGRAPHICAL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR AT TUBAC.

FREDERICK BRUNCKOW, GEOLOGIST, MINERALOGIST AND MINING ENGINEER, IN CHARGE OF CERRO COLORADO DISTRICT.

CHARLES SCHUCHARD, GEOLOGIST, MINERALOGIST AND MINING ENGINEER IN CHARGE OF LA ARIBAC AND SMELTING HACIENDAS.

west, none showed more promise than the Heintzelman; yet strangely it is the least known. Seemingly but for an instant it hovered on our western scene, then in tragic and violent death it faded into obscurity.

Shortly after its discovery in 1854, assays made on the spot from random ores proved around $1500.00 per, and in 1857 an assay of selected ores (made by a Dr. Garnett in San Francisco) won first premium at the mechanics fair of that year. Those choice specimens were valued at $8,624.00 of silver to the ton!

Arizona Pioneer's Historical Society

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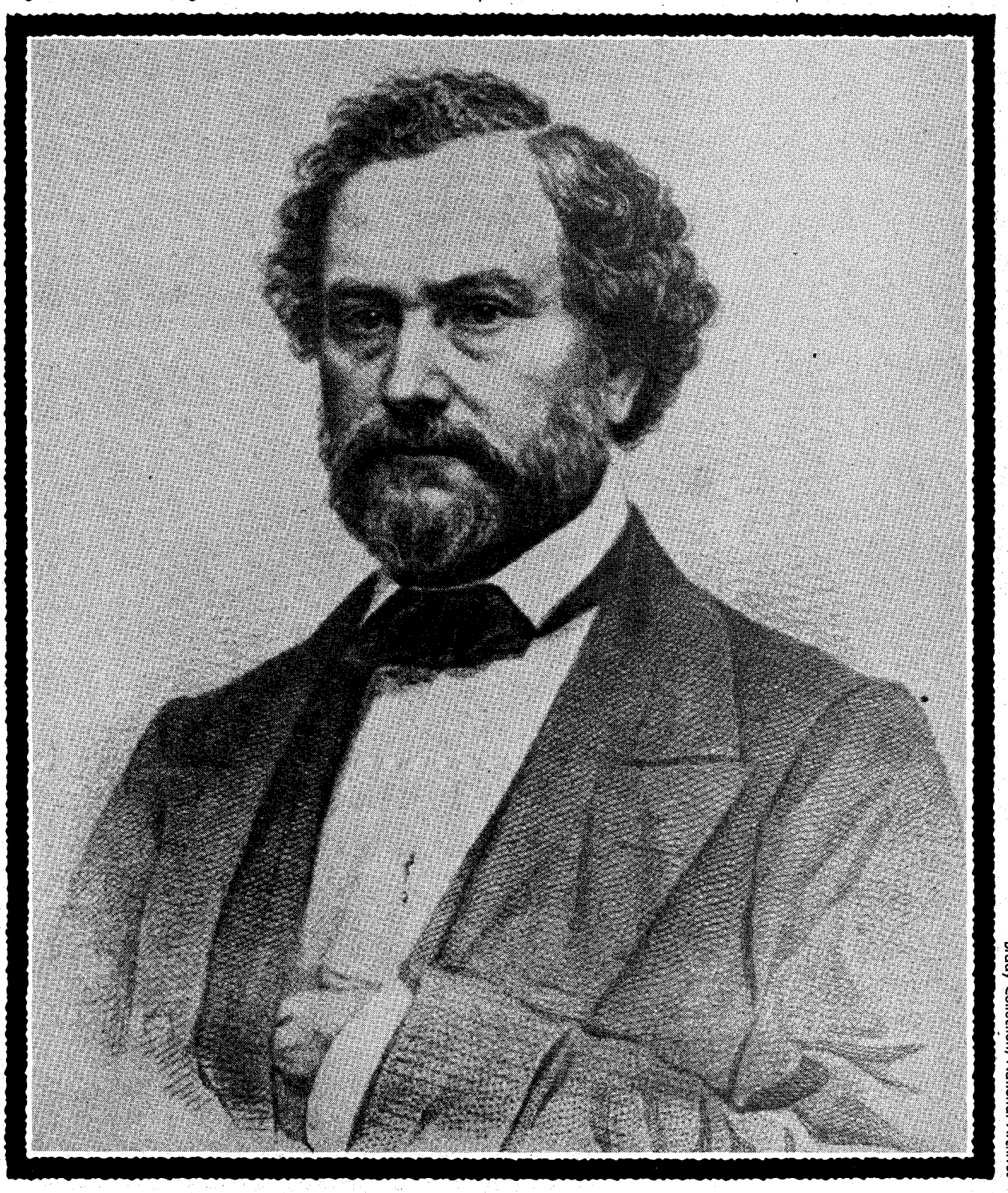
Yes sir! All the way down the line it looked like a sure payoff for everybody. The obvious wealth of its shafts seemed destined to make poor men rich and rich men richer. Its potential defied description. A mine engineer was sent by Eastern capitalists to examine the workings. He galnced around once, then relayed this simple message: "The sight dazzles the imagination."

Now without a doubt great things were expected of this operation, but in spite of all these impressive facts recorded by men of the day, the mine's backers never realized one thin dime.

The tragic circumstances that surround the short existence of the Heintzelman mine are unique in the annals of our western history.

Men of reputation, steel and stamina were matched under the most trying conditions against the forces of the wilderness and the elements of nature. The wilderness won and the mine was abandoned.

After Cerro Colorado's abandonment by Poston and his people, Confederate sympathizers rushed in and took out enough silver from the Heintzelman mine to keep the South in the war for quite some time. ●RW



Brady Collection, National Archives

Col. Samuel Colt of pistol fame. When General Heintzelman resigned, he took over direction of the mine.

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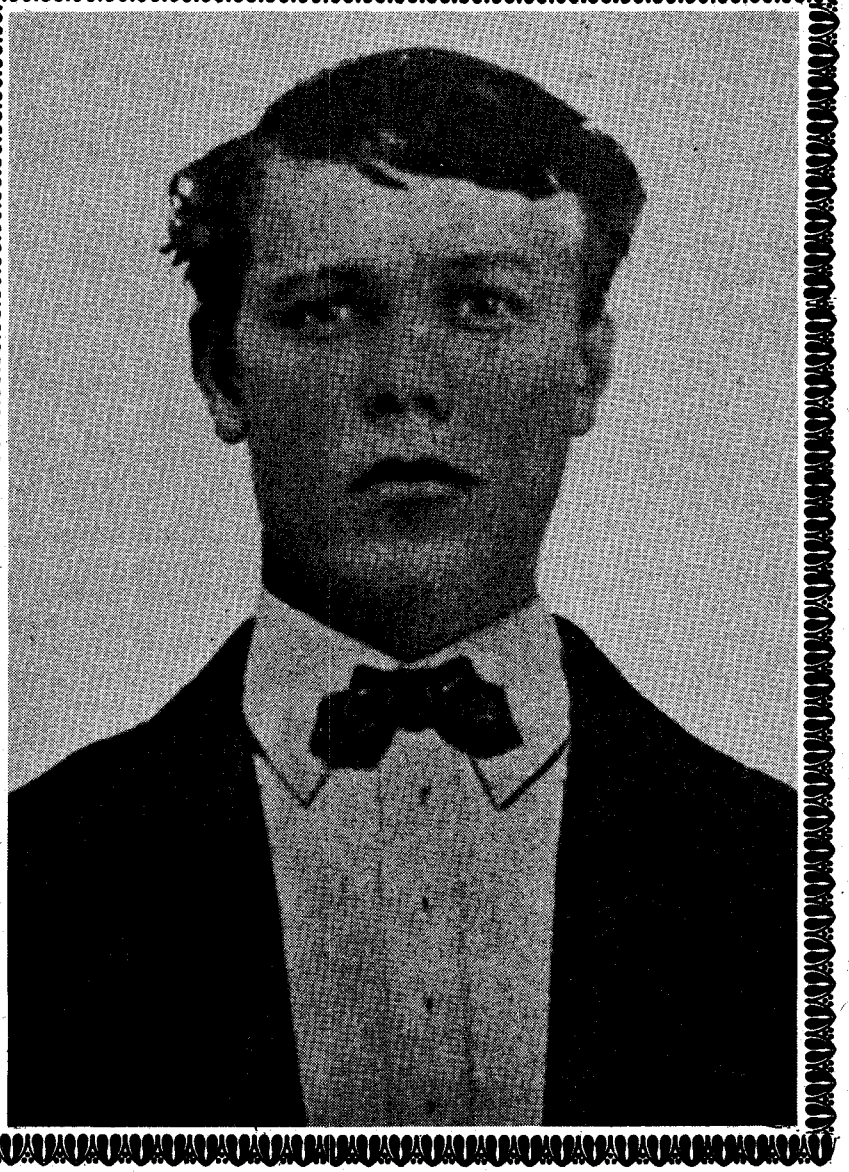

Rose Collection, University of Oklahoma Library

Sam Bass, at the age of sixteen, in Indiana, before he came to Texas.

This article documents the career of Sam Bass, the notorious Western Outlaw. It is based on the reminiscences of a lady who was related to Bass. Pearl Hickman was 93 when she died two years ago and she provided an insight into the feelings of his relatives toward the desperado.

MY COUSIN, SAM BASS

By Dan Shannon

Cousin Sam Bass had no more use for all that money he stole than a jackrabbit has for hind pockets. But big haul or peanut pickings, he spilled cash like it was water in a leaky bucket. He'd have lived longer and caused Shannon kinfolks less misery if he had stuck to honest cowpunching or legal horse trading.

A lawful horse trader is what Cousin Joe Shannon, ranching outside Round Rock, Texas, took Sam to be when he first showed up claiming kin sometime during 1874. That 23-year-old boy with the witty tongue and the twinkling eyes was driving a herd of Comanche ponies from Indian Territory, a long way north of this little town in Central Texas. Riding with Sam was an ornery-looking character named Joel Collins whom the family took to be Sam's helper.

That pair had the stock headed toward San Antonio,

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the big South Texas horse market about a hundred miles south. They said that they lived in Denton County, lying more than two hundred miles away. That county had a rough reputation for being so close to both rip-roaring Dallas and the Territory with all its robber roosts.

It didn't take long for Sam to prove kinship. He mentioned his family branch which we knew from word-of-mouth tradition to have left the Southern Appalachians for Indiana when our "side" had moved to the Missouri Ozarks then finally to these cedar brakes of Texas. Back in olden times people kept records in their heads more often than they did on paper. So said Aunt Pearl Hickman, remembering so much family history including the Bass part, before she passed on at age 93 in 1972.

Besides, didn't Sam have sandy hair like so many of us Shannons? Didn't he say that his daddy's first name was David, which was one of our common family handles? So Cousin Joe, no saint, invited Sam and his friend, Mr. Collins, to light down and hitch.

Cousin Maggie Shannon, the lady of the house, didn't like their looks one bit, what with her trying to raise nine children as good Christians. But you couldn't show kinfolks the door, not even those who might be no more than cousins like young Mr. Bass. Family lines went on forever in the West as they did in the South from which Texas had hatched out. Good manners also meant that you had to welcome kinfolks' friends.

So this unimpressed Texas country woman started cutting off slabs of salted-down beef and boiling up beans and okra. During the three-day visit, she kept the children busy with such chores as hoeing corn and mending harness, so they wouldn't do too much palavering with these guests.

Sam and his saddlemate rested from that long ride. They grazed the ponies on the open range, taking turns at riding herd on them. Sam mentioned privately to Cousin Joe that he had won the broncs as horse racing stakes in the Territory. Long afterwards, the Shannons would hear that he had grabbed the horses after Indian losers had refused to hand them over, then he helped himself to a lot he hadn't won. Joel Collins had helped in the widelooping.

Cousin Maggie felt mighty happy after men and horses had lit out for San Antonio. As happened, Bass and Collins drove the ponies through that section of town called Old Round Rock, a few miles from the Shannon spread. "New" Round Rock was the more modern part, built east of Brushy Creek and closer to an expected railroad laying tracks across Texas. The "new" part had a lot of thriving business places including a prospering little bank.

Sam had made his first trip to the Round Rock country. It might have been better for the Shannons had he never made a second.

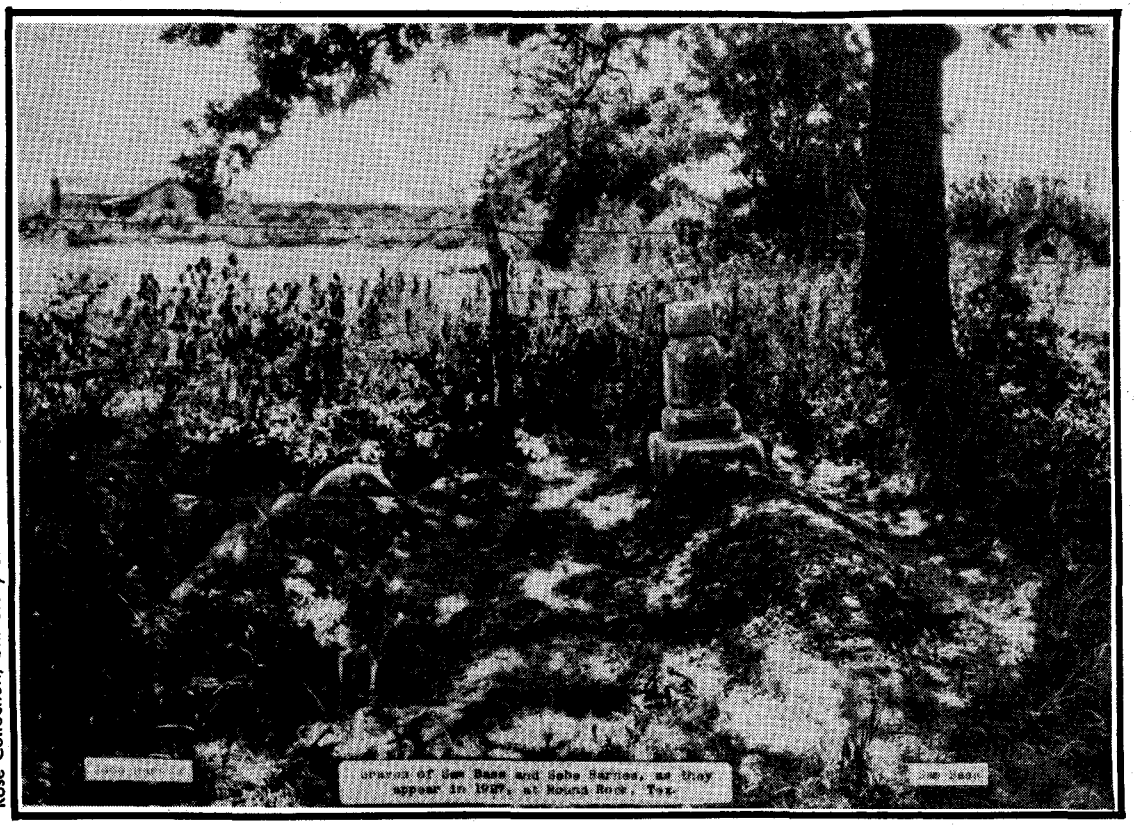
In San Antonio, Sam sold the broncs for a right good price to a dealer who didn't ask for bills of sale proving rightful ownership. There, by the records, Joel Collins got into some kind of scrape. Sam got him out of it through a payoff. A little later, a wandering preacher from Dallas told Cousin Maggie that Collins, the ex-cowboy, had not only been a small-time road agent operating along the Red River border of Indian Territory. Even worse, he had been a bartender in Denton town.

This made Maggie madder than a wet hen. For if she hated anything worse than booze, it was a depraved sinner who sold it; and to think that such a low-down as Collins had slept in a Shannon bed and eaten at a Shannon table.

Shannon meant to send Sam Bass and his saddlemate on their way if and when they ever reined in again at her virtuous home.

Next time, though, unwanted Cousin Sam rode up all by himself, so there wouldn't have been much point in a ruckus about Mr. Collins. The kinsman from Indiana was wearing a fancy, ten-gallon Stetson that had cost twelve dollars, a lot of money for those times, at Isaac Singer's big store in Dallas. He was riding a fine mare that looked as if it might have come from race-horse stock. His pockets were jingling like his spurs when he swung out of the saddle and spoke real polite to Cousin Maggie:

"Howdy, ma'm. Just thought I'd stop and see how kinfolks was a-gettin' along."



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The graves of Sam Bass and Sebe Barnes, at Round Rock, Texas.

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This time (I figure it must have been in the spring of '75) Sam stayed about four days. He helped Joe and the boys brand calves and pick corn. That was the way you behaved in that Texas of our old folks. When you visited kinsfolks, you fitted yourself right into the family. That meant not only sharing their bread but helping with their chores.

From what I heard during my growing up years, I kind of think that Sam had business as well as family reasons for making that second visit to these poor relations at Round Rock. Maybe he wanted to get a line on that bank, one of the wealthiest in Williamson County. This was also the opinion of another kinsman, Great Uncle Jim Shannon, who lived near Austin, the state capital, about 20 miles south.

It was thought by my elders that Sam asked Joe a lot of questions about the Round Rock bank (How much money did it hold?) that Joe Shannon couldn't tell Sam. "Did the bank have a guard or a star flasher to protect it?" Sam asked. "Nope," Joe answered. In fact, few country banks of that time ever hired anybody to protect their cash. Moreover, Round Rock had no regular lawman except a constable who drew no wages, only small fees for making arrests and serving papers.

Sam wanted to know if the bank had ever been stuck up. Cousin Joe shook his head. The very idea scared him. For he, himself, couldn't have held up a gnat with a Winchester.

His back was bent from plowing and cedar chopping. He dragged his tired feet around in patched-up old boots that he hadn't had the money to replace. He was always behind in his taxes and always behind with the bank. Besides, Cousin Maggie was always lacing into him about religion which he'd never got. No sir, that henpecked, life-beat cedar-braker just didn't have what it took to be an outlaw.

So he must have been mighty relieved when Sam told him of a miserable childhood spent back in Indiana.

Sam told this Texas cousin about losing, just three years apart, both his mother and father. Elizabeth Sheeks Bass had died from bearing her tenth child when this future cowboy had been but 10 years old. Later on, his widowed father, Dan Bass, had gone on from some illness that a country doctor couldn't cure.

The orphaned children had been passed on to a cruel, greedy uncle, David Sheeks, who worked them like mules on his farm, giving them no education but even snatching whatever little inheritances that had been left them by their dead parents. Sam's share of that bequest would have been a bull calf, which his uncle sold for $11 and an old, beat-up saddle reduced to leather for harness mendins'.

But somewhere Sam knew that he had other relatives who, he hoped, would be better kin than Uncle Dave. One connection that he had heard about was named Shannon who was supposed to have gone to Texas after a stay in Missouri.

At 18 Sam ran off from the Sheeks farm with 37 cents in his pocket, headed toward Texas, hoping there to find the Shannons.

But he didn't want to look like a hungry tramp kid when he met them. So along the way he stopped at Rosedale, Mississippi, to land a job as a millhand. That town, with the prettified name, was also one of the toughest gambling spots on the Mississippi River. From watching plays in sporting dens, Sam soon learned to read the signs on cards - kings, jacks, queens, aces and the rest - even if he never quite caught on to the alphabet. But he seldom risked a dollar on a bet, because poverty made him prudent. Sam was 19 years old when he arrived in Texas during 1870, looking for work, looking for Shannons. Work he found quickly in frontier Denton County. At a ranch where he stopped asking hospitality, he was given not only a meal and a bed but a job.

His employer and host was a strong upholder of law and order, W.F. Dad Egan, operating a wagon freight line from Denton town into larger Dallas, about 35 miles away. Sam, driving a mule team, hauled agricultural products to markets in Dallas and brought back supplies of merchandise from wholesale houses to Denton County retailers. The job paid $20 a month and board, with Sam initially saving most of it. During slow seasons in the freighting business, Sam hired out as a cowboy on various ranches in that general area of Dallas.

Quickly he became an expert with saddle and lariat. For Sam Bass had the same easy, winning way with horses he had originally with people. Finding kinfolks came a little harder because Texas was such a big place in which to look for them.

Yet ours was still a very young state, less than 40 years away from the Alamo and the days of Mexican rule to just five years away from the Civil War where we had got whipped from throwing in with the Confederacy. Settlers were still coming from all over the South and the Midwest to find land that was cheap or free. Result was that a lot of kindred families would meet and, through exchanges of tradition, be reunited after having been parted for two or three generations.

No wonder that so many Texas would claim kin to Sam Bass after he died. We have never been sure through which cousin connection Sam found us Shannons of central Texas, but our family of varying surnames and different branches from several Southern mountain regions had started settling here before the Texas revolution against Mexico.

Ten different branches, including two large Shannon ones, had settled here by the time of the Civil War. These groups, scattered from Red River to the Colorado River, kept in touch through this or that grapevine.

Sam's first family contact might have been some Shannons living in Wise County, just west of Denton County. If those were our kinfolks, they might have passed him on by word of mouth till he found the Williamson County one at Round Rock. Cousin Joe, in turn, would have told him about the Austin-Travis County branch living not far away.

It cannot be said that Cousin Sam was unanimously popular among all our folks. Particularly not after he started robbing and rustling. Some of our elders had been Texas Rangers and deputy sheriffs, living by the stern rectitude of their Irish Presbyterian ancestors. But none of them would have told Joe and Maggie Shannon whom to favor or disfavor among the kinfolks.

Meantime, Sam Bass had started thinking in terms of big stakes rather than peanut wages. He was in a state where money flowed fast if you were game enough to take it fast. Already quick on the draw, he proved to be quick on the deck.

He threw up his job teamstering for Dad Egan who was now sheriff of Denton County. Drifting into Dallas, he began trying his luck in the gambling houses, utilizing sharp plays that he had learned back in Rosedale. But sitting at card tables all day long galled his restless spirit. So he started racing horses: a business combining action with earnings.

A particular horse known as the Denton Mare won him several bonanzas that were quickly spent..

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That little sorrel pony has passed into history with her owner. We don't know whether Sam stole, bought or traded for her. Or for that matter whatever became of her.

But as my father, an old mustang catcher, used to say, "She must have been a right pert little filly."

New money brought Cousin Sam a lot of new friends: sports and jezebels, card sharks and wideloopers, this or that black sheep including one who was both: This was Dr. Henry Underwood, an aging reprobate nicknamed "Old Dad" by the gents of the back trails, a man who had laid down the surgeon's scalpel for the outlaw's six-shooter.

Sam Bass first learned long riding under the expert tutelage of Joel Collins. By Oklahoma's largely oral Bass legend, Bass and Collins stole horses from Indian-Territory tribesmen and peddled whiskey to them.

But it was Dr. Underwood, graduate in a better profession, who made Sam a master of arts, those arts revolving around the "Loose" lariat, the "Hot" branding iron and that prized tool of the craft, the loaded .45.

The Texas Rangers had already started "cutting sign" on them both when Young Sam and Old Dad started sashaying around thinly settled western Texas. I doubt if they roamed all the way to the Rio Grande and the Mexican border as I have heard country storytellers stretch their saga. There are caves, associated with incredible buried-treasure stories, said to have been their hideouts in Williamson, Burnet and Hano Counties. But I have found no traditions of them beyond a 150-mile radius of Austin and Round Rock. Nor has it been possible to verify stories of their having stopped stagecoaches and held up gambling houses within that area. Probably some of the legend, centering around the John Flint and Dan Dunning gangs, was later transferred to this precious pair operating farther east.

Likely, and so some of us present-day Shannons think our family black sheep and his senior partner went in for wholesale horse thievery.

They likely rounded up more ponies and drove them across dim, back trails to that contraband horse market in San Antonio. Saddle vagrants would have been hired when they needed extra wranglers. But nobody today recalls the names of those shadowy figures in the Bass legend.

Time went on. The Bass name got to be an ugly one with the Texas Rangers, though they couldn't have convicted that ex-cowhand on rumors. By coincidence those poor-mouth Shannons started faring better.

They paid up their bill at Kopperl's general store and cut down their indebtedness at the bank. Cousin Joe bought a new suit for the first time since the Civil War and a new plow, too. Cousin Maggie bloomed out in a new dress at Sunday church services instead of showing up ashamed in that old brown rag she'd worn for years. For the first time all the kids had shoes at the same time instead of part of them going barefooted through cold, rainy winters.

Where were the Shannons getting the cash to be so so fancy? Everybody was asking everybody else that in this inbound little town. Then it got around that those peaceful cedar brakers were kinfolks of the notorious Sam Bass. Next it was talked around that he had been seen not only on their ranch but within the general vicinity of the bank.

Sam must be staking his kinfolks for letting him roost on their ranch between prowls. So declared the wagging tongues. Mouths shot off more when it was said the shady cousin was often in the company of men looking like brush poppers. Word got around also that Sam might take a notion to rob the bank.

Without slurring my own folks, I think it was all probably true. But I doubt that Sam Bass ever bestowed any fortunes on those kin at Round Rock. He wouldn't have had it to give.

Usually he blew his money at bars, card tables and race tracks as fast as he got it. How much cash he may have been carrying on any visit to the Shannon ranch is debatable. Possibly his handouts amounted to a ten-dollar bill or a twenty, certainly no more than a fifty, when he came calling. By the custom of the times, it was customary for long riders to give their usually impoverished regular hosts financial help. The contemporary Jameses were doing it in Missouri, so would the later Daltons in Oklahoma and Indian Territories.

But money did go farther back there in America's green years. Whatever Sam discreetly slipped Cousin Joe made life easier for the hard-hit Shannons. But the whole arrangement was mighty rough on the conscience of devout Cousin Maggie.

Taking what she thought of as "dirty money" made her quiver with fears of hell. She tried to keep from her children the source of that cash inflow, fearing all the time that she might be leading them straight into a trap set by the devil. But downright, desperate need caused her to make excuses which upset her even more when she thought them over.

Hadn't she heard cedar brake evangelists declare that "the Lord will provide for the righteous"? And weren't His ways strange beyond the comprehension of humans? Maybe some purpose that she couldn't see was being realized by a bad man giving money to good people. Maybe it might be the Lord's method of redeeming that wicked cousin from Indiana.

But Cousin Sam seemed politely indisposed toward salvation whenever earnest Maggie brought up the subject during his visits. Joel Collins, his sometimes companion, was more interested in the boundary of Red River than in the shores of eternity. Dr. Underwood would sympathetically discuss her miseries and suggest medicines that she might buy at Kopperl's store, but he dodged any talk about theology. Cousin Maggie kept praying for them all as well as for her own household.

Then the name of Sam Bass echoed beyond those familiar bounds of Texas and Indian Territory.

In 1877 Bass and Collins took a carload of cattle on commission to South Dakota. There, keeping all the money for themselves, they settled down to their customary business of outlawry. They robbed some stagecoaches for paltry pickings, their first known take having been thirty dollars. But on August 18 of that year they made their first and only big haul.

With four hardcases working on shares, they stopped a Union Pacific train at Big Springs, Nebraska. The loot of $60,000 in shiny twenty-dollar gold pieces was split six ways between the six-member gang. Every coin bore that fresh mintage date: 1877.

Most of the gang were soon run down by lawmen, aided by sharp detectives of the formidable Pinkerton agency in New York. Joel Collins was shot dead near a Kansas railroad track by a quick-triggered sheriff.

Sam Bass had lost his top gun. Captured gang members identified him as the operations boss of the Big Spring robbery. Common sense should have told him that he couldn't stay in the Midwest or safely go home to the Southwest.

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But what did that cocky old boy do? Came back to Texas whose lawmen had already received reward posters naming him and describing the newly minted dollars. After some horsing around, he lit right down to Dallas and Denton where everybody knew him to blow quickly his $10.000 of those revealing gold pieces. He finally landed at Round Rock, right under the noses of the Texas Rangers at nearby Austin, meaning at last to crack that little bank and just taking for granted that his harassed Shannon kin would hide the Bass gang in the meantime.

By now a lot of Texans were fed up with that once miserly country boy turned six-shooter spendthrift. His activities and those of other spectacular outlaws were making a lot of good, home-seeking Americans hesitant about settling in a state which wanted them. During a three-month interim, the Bass gang had robbed (for slim proceeds) several Dallas-bound trains, with Sam grandiloquently offering tips to porters and brakemen.

So the state administration at Austin organized a special company of Rangers to get the Bass gang, dead or alive. The head of that hard-riding unit was a Dallas man, Lieutenant June Peak. Its members, like him, were mostly ex-Confederate cavalrymen. These grim Texans tipped the scales in what was becoming known as the Bass War. They chased the wild bunch across northwestern Texas, with Sam's new top gun, Arkansas Johnson, being killed at the battle of Salt Creek in Wice County. "Old Dad" Underwood, disenchanted with Sam, deserted and pulled out for Indian Territory to swing, some years later, on the gallows of grim, old Federal Judge Isaac Parker at Fort Smith, Arkansas.

On July 19, 1878 Sam Bass made his last call on those scared Shannons of Round Rock. With him were three riders as shabby and hungry as himself: Frank Jackson, Seaborn Barnes, called Sebe for short, and Jim Murphy, planted in the gang by Rangers already informed by him that the reduced outfit meant to rob the Round Rock bank.

Right quick, Cousin Maggie sent them packing; eyes blazing, she faced the bunch at the gate as it pulled up.

"Keep moving!," she screamed at Sam. "And take your trigger trash with you. You done wore your welcome out."

She spat angrily: "May the Lord forgive us for taking your dirty money."

Sam's face turned candy red like his hair. He gazed at Cousin Joe, standing a few feet away from that angry woman. But the supposed head of the house turned his head, saying nothing.

From that moment the Bass epic started unwinding like a limp lariat.

Shoulders sagging, Sam turned his mount toward Old Round Rock. His three sorry-looking partners followed on their ponies. Denied hospitality from Sam's kin, the four desperadoes camped that night in a cemetery. Three-foot high tobmstones did not offer the kind of concealment they might have found among the taller cedars of the Shannon ranch. Around sundown Ranger scouts, moving unseen, spotted them.

Eyes of Rangers and of other lawmen were following Bass, Barnes, and Jackson when they rode into town on the next day. From what Murphy would later reveal, those three intended to get the lay of the land before entering the bank. Murphy, knowing what was coming, had made some excuse, accepted by naive Sam Bass, not to make the trip.

The three riders dismounted and hitched their horses on a side street near the bank. Then they walked toward Kopperl's store which was even closer. Down to their last few nickels, they meant to buy tobacco for badly needed smokes. A moment after they stepped through the door, two deputy sheriffs, W.A. Grimes of Williamson County and Morris Moore of Travis County, followed them inside. Grimes reached out to feel Barnes' right trouser leg and ask if he were carrying a pistol.

The outlaws whirled around. Barnes' .45 answered the question. A spewing bullet whizzed into the lawman's heart, killing him instantly.

A shot from the revolver of Deputy Morris Moore put Sam's right hand out of commission. Then a barrage came from Barnes and Jackson. Moore dropped, his lungs pierced. He was destined to be an invalid for months following. Rangers and citizens opened fire from their hiding places as the three bandits rushed from the store toward their horses.

A Winchester shot struck Sebe Barnes in the middle of his forehead. More lead ripped into Sam Bass. Mortally wounded, he made it to his horse, with Frank Jackson, unhurt except for some minor scratches, helping him into the saddle. Hotly pursued by lawmen and citizens, the pair outraced the posse.

They rode out of Old Round Rock and, says our family tradition, toward the Shannons. But if the two had ever reached Sam's harried kinfolks, they might have been ordered away again or found nobody home. This author quotes from a written family record, a letter dated June 27, 1973, from our family historian, a highly respectable Texas lady, following much correspondence between us about our Bass connection.

This document, in my possession, reads in part:

"Thanks for reminding me again. It was Uncle (actually Cousin) Joe Shannon's where Sam Bass stayed when around that area. Aunt Pearl (Hickman) set me straight some years ago. She, Aunt Pearl, said they (the general family group) believed that Sam Bass was trying to reach Uncle Joe's house when word came (to the Shannons) of his capture and fatal wounds."

In Southern-derived states like Texas, older cousins are sometimes addressed as "uncle" and "aunt" by their younger kin. Similarly "Aunt" Pearl Hickman was my second cousin, a niece of my grandmother.

Sunday, July 21 was a strange sabbath in Round Rock.

The little town was still seething from the previous day's blood bath. Hordes of curiosity seekers from around Central Texas added to the pandemonium. Sam Bass and Frank Jackson were still being sought by heavily armed lawmen and specially deputized citizens. Loud, foolish talk had it that the two outlaws would be strung up, vigilante style, if caught for the slaying of Deputy Grimes and the near killing of Deputy Moore. A scouting party found no trace of the bandits around the Shannon ranch. Nor, for that matter, was one Shannon glimpsed.

But already, responsible town leaders were working to calm the troubled community. Among them were the local ministers, urging from their pulpits that residents not re-enact yesterday's lawlessness with more lawlessness. Their message was emphasized by the Methodist pastor, Reverend Austin C. Aten, who would later give three sons to the Texas Rangers.

Without mentioning the Shannons by name, this good old man urged from his pulpit that no retaliation be made against any local relatives of Sam Bass. Little children would be involved in any assault upon the family, he said. It must be

(continued on page 60)

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THE EDITOR'S CORRAL

I SEE BY YESTERDAY'S NEWSPAPERS

HANK MONK DIES

"Hank" Monk, the famous stage-driver who drove Horace Greeley across the mountains during his visit to California years ago, died at Carson, Nev., last week.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, March 10, 1883

SENATOR TABOR ENTERTAINS LAVISHLY

Senator Tabor, the Colorado millionaire, celebrated his brief career at Washington by giving one of the most elaborate banquets ever seen at the capital, with the President and many other high dignitaries as guests. The flowers cost $1,000, and there were a dozen kinds of wine.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, March 10, 1883

CLARENCE HITE PARDONED

Governor Crittenden of Missouri has pardoned Clarence Hite, one of the Jesse James gang, and it is supposed that he will now be used as a witness against Frank James.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, March 17, 1883

FIRE AT FOREST CITY, CALIFORNIA

The mining town of Forest City, California, was destroyed by fire on the 16th inst.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, March 24, 1883

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY ALMOST COMPLETED

It is expected that the Northern Pacific Railway will be completed in its entire extent by the 1st of September next. A branch road to the Yellowstone Park, sixty miles in length, will be finished by the 1st of July.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, March 24, 1883

HEAVY TOLL BY APACHES IN SONORA

Ninety-three persons are known to have been killed in the Mexican State of Sonora since the outbreak of the Apaches, of whom twenty-seven were Americans, and it is believed many killed were not reported.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, April 21, 1883

COWBOYS STRIKE IN TEXAS

The cowboys of Texas are on strike, and the great companies, being unwilling to raise their wages, have called on Government troops to sustain them.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, April 28, 1883

INDIAN WAR IN ARIZONA

The War Department is making preparations to suppress any Indian outbreak that may occur. Seven hundred recruits are already on their way to various regiments in the Department of the Columbia, New Mexico, Arizona and the Indian Territory. General Crook has already moved into the mountains of Mexico in pursuit of the Apaches. The Mexican troops will cooperate with him.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, April 28, 1883.

APACHES CONTINUE RAIDING IN ARIZONA

Advices from Tucson, A.T., state that the Indian situation is growing serious, as the Apaches on the San Carlos reservation are becoming very restless. So far as heard from, twenty-nine people had been murdered and buried in seven days. Among the killed are Judge H.C. McComas and wife.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, April 7, 1883

MORMON CONVERTS LEAVE THE SOUTH

One hundred and fifty Mormon converts, from all parts of the South, left Chattanooga last week for Utah. The elder in charge of the party reports that his church is growing rapidly in Georgia, Virginia and Middle Tennessee, and that he expects fully 600 converts this year.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, April 7, 1883

APACHES ON WARPATH

A band of hostile Apaches from Sonora are on the warpath in Arizona, where several settlers have been murdered.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, March 31, 1883

FIRST POSTAL ROUTE IN ALASKA

The first post route in Alaska has just been authorized. It will extend a distance of 105 miles, and the service will be monthly, the mail being carried by canoe.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, March 31, 1883

SITTING BULL MOVING TO STANDING ROCK

At his own request Sitting Bull and his immediate followers, now at Fort Randall, will be removed to the Standing Rock Agency on April 15th. Sitting Bull has hitherto declared he would never be a reservation Indian.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, March 31, 1883

GENERAL SHERMAN TO TOUR THE WEST

General Sherman will visit the Far Western military posts next Summer. He will go to Oregon, Montana and California. Part of the journey will be on horseback, with a cavalry escort. It will be his last visit as General of the Army.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, April 7, 1883

ARMY TO PURSUE APACHES

General Crook has decided upon making an aggressive campaign against the hostiles in Arizona.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, April 7, 1883

PANHANDLE OF TEXAS SOLD

The entire Pan Handle of Texas, a tract of 5,000 square miles, has been sold for $10,000,000 to an English company for grazing purposes.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, April 14, 1883 ●RW

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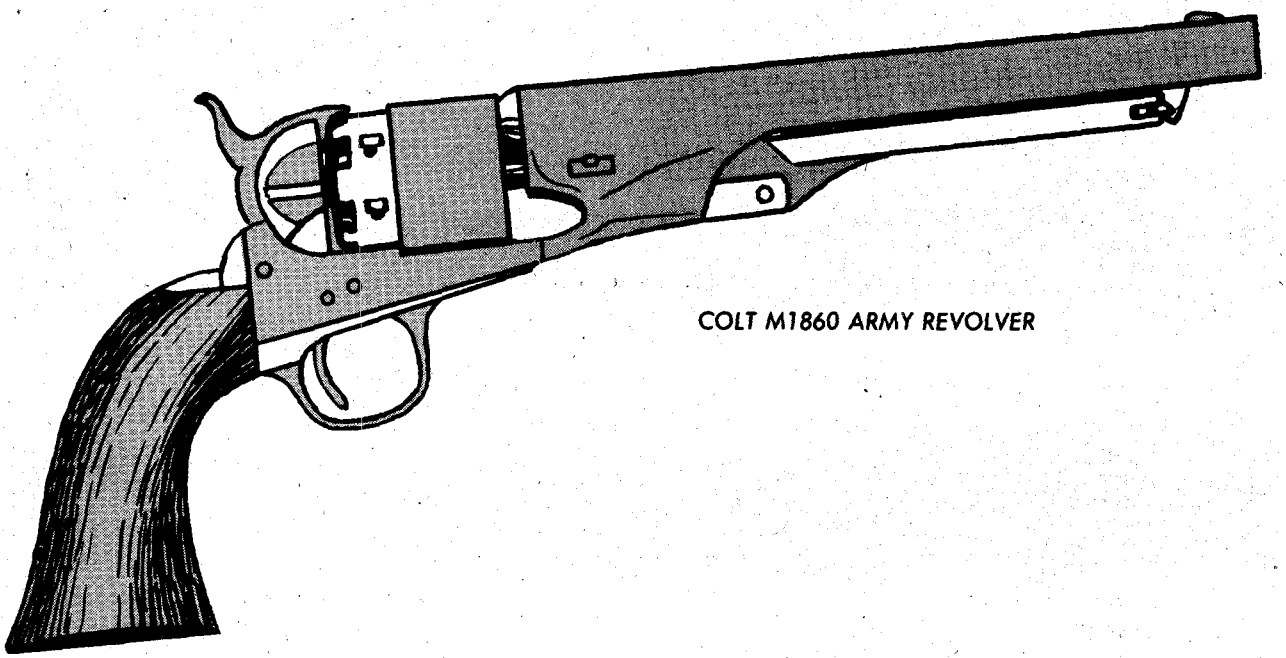
GUNSMOKE GALLERY

by Major R. O. Ackerman



COLT M1860 ARMY REVOLVER

Of all Civil War military arms which migrated to the western frontier after Lee's surrender at Appomattox, the greatest in number were the Colt "Army" Model revolvers.

The model 1860, .44 percussion revolver was made in larger quantity than any other handgun on government contracts during that war. Of 146,000 Colt revolvers ordered by the U. S. Government, all except 17,000 were Army Models.

In quality as well as in quantity, the M1860 was a natural to become a post-war frontier favorite, As one of the three final percussion models ever manufactured by Colt, it represented their highest point in the development of the "cap and ball" arms, so soon to be superseded by metallic-cartridge revolvers.

One feature of its advanced design was that it retained the smashing power of the .44 caliber, yet was a slender and very streamlined revolver by comparison with the earlier, massive Dragoon models of the same caliber. Another new feature was the so-called "creeping" loading lever, which eliminated the downward-protruding hump around the rammer screw of the previous models.

Both features had made it popular with cavalry troopers. Both made it equally popular with the hard-riding horsemen of the western frontier, These sons of the saddle wanted a powerful belt gun that was light enough to pack all day. They also appreciated one which slid out of the holster with no lumps to catch in the leather. The M1860 was the answer.

So well was it received that the Colt firm manufactured "civilian" models in addition to the thousands of troopers' arms which found their way to the West.

Some of the early production of this model had 7½-inch barrels. However, tests, by the Ordnance Department led to a government decision that the 8-inch barrel was more efficient. In all future contracts, therefore, the 8-inch barrel became standard.

A few of the first Model 1860's also had a fluted cylinder, but this feature was soon dropped, to be revived later on the last Colt percussion revolver, the Model 1862 Police revolver.

Most of the military contract M1860's had a cutaway section at the base of the cylinder recoil shield, on each side, and a groove in the heel of the grip strap. Both modifications were to accept a detachable shoulder stock which converted the revolver into a repeating carbine for cavalry use. Some of these Army Models also had a protruding stud screw on each side of the frame, beneath the hammer screw, as an additional lock for the shoulder stock when in position. This

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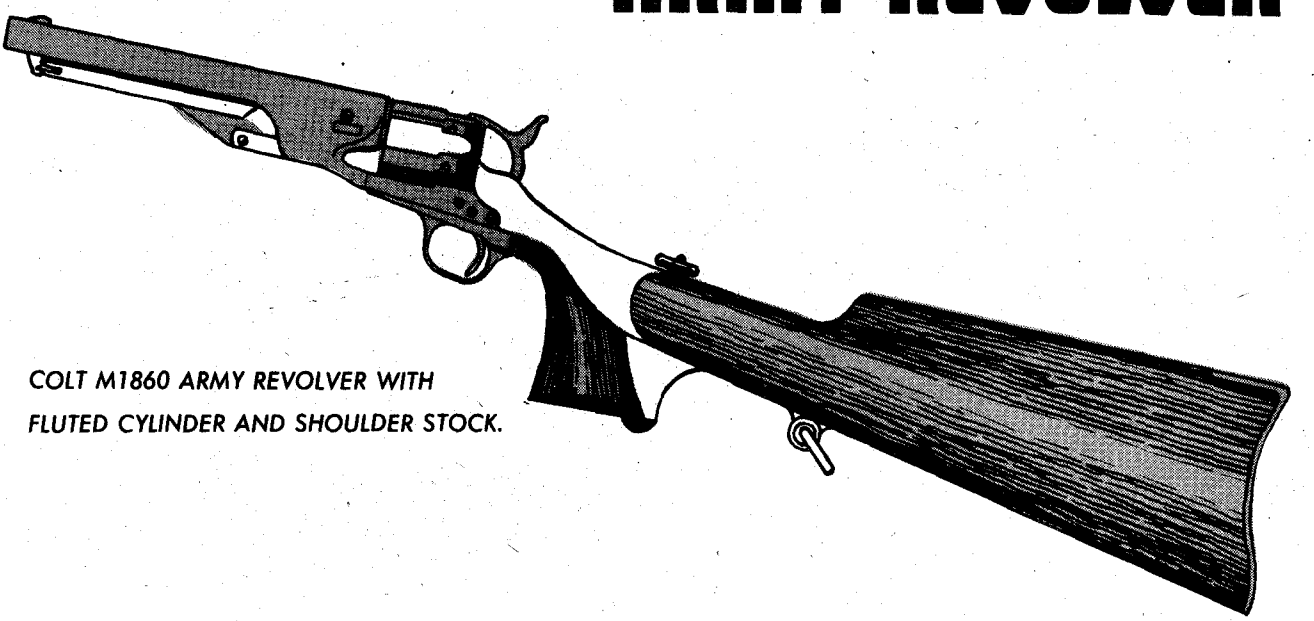
THE COLT M1860 ARMY REVOLVER



COLT M1860 ARMY REVOLVER WITH FLUTED CYLINDER AND SHOULDER STOCK.

Sketched by author

gave rise to the collector's term, a "four-screw frame". Not being absolutely essential, the stud screws are seen on some examples and not on others.

A basic description, then, of the 1860 Colt Army Model would be: a .44 caliber, six-shot, percussion revolver, with 8-inch round barrel and patented creeping loading lever. It has a rebated cylinder (the rear of it being of smaller diameter than the front section). Weight is 2 pounds and 11 ounces. There is a blade front sight, and a notch in the nose of the hammer serves as the rear sight when the hammer is cocked for firing. The frame is case-hardened in mottled colors, and the trigger guard is brass. Barrel and cylinder are blued. The standard grip is varnished American walnut.

The issue shoulder stock is of walnut.

An interesting variation in these shoulder stocks is known, although existing examples are rare indeed. This is the Colt canteen stock, one which was hollowed out and fitted with a screw cap to carry drinking water. Like the coffee grinding mills in the stocks of some Civil War Sharps carbines, the canteen stocks did exist for Colt revolvers but are extremely rare collector's items today. The majority of stocks are solid.

The M1860 was meant to use either the round ball or the conical bullet with approximately 30 grains of black powder. To fire one of these revolvers, I suggest a granulation of FFFg black powder.

Loading one in the Civil War was not the complex job you might imagine. The troopers were issued a package of paper cartridges with a supply of percussion caps in each package. They simply rammed a cartridge into each chamber with the loading lever, slipped on the caps and fired.

Even better was the "skin" cartridge, a conical bullet with a tapered powder charge attached, encased in a tube of nitrated hog intestine or similar material. A skilled man could load a percussion revolver with these in 15 to 18 seconds.

For a few brief years after the war, a large percentage of western gunslingers favored this sleek and fast .44 percussion revolver. Only the advent of the breech-loading system could crowd it out, and by that time the most turbulent period was waning.

Among the better known users of the M1860 were General Custer and Bill Hickok. In one youthful photo of Jesse James, he is holding one. Even John Wilkes Booth carried this model when he was brought to bay after Lincoln's assassination, and some believe Booth ended his own life with it. ●RW

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RUBE BURROW

(continued from page 34)

Just before dawn, Rube remarked to McDuffie that he was getting hungry.

"How about handing me my ration bag?" he asked the deputy sheriff.

McDuffie handed the bag to Burrow who reached deep inside. Then the bandit suddenly straightened. McDuffie was staring into the ugly snout of a .45.

"Take off the leg irons," Rube ordered.

The dumbfounded lawman had no choice but to comply with Burrow's order. Once free, Burrow made a strange request.

"Take me to Dectective Carter," he said.

Carter was the man who had led the particular posse which had narrowed down the search and actually squeezed Burrow into a spot where he had to surrender. Burrow's eyes smoldered with hate. He was out for revenge.

"I ain't seen Carter," McDuffie said truthfully.

Actually Carter was alseep in a store nearby, just a few hundered feet from where Rube Burrow was enacting the latest chapter of his stormy career. Burrow handcuffed McDuffie and Marshall and forced Jesse Hildreth to accompany him at gunpoint in a search for the detective. The odds were long against the outlaw. The town was overflowing with lawmen. Once out of the jail, he couldn't hope to evade the law for long or to keep quiet the fact that he had escaped. He meant to find Carter before doing anything, however, and shoot him down. It was Burrow's fatal mistake.

While Burrow kept to the shadows, Jesse made several inquiries about Carter. He finally learned that he was staying the night at Glass's store. Burrow and Hildreth walked down the shadowed streets to that point.

"Tell Carter to come out," whispered Burrow.

Hildreth went to the door and knocked. Carter awakened and asked who was there.

"It's Jesse Hildreth, Mist' Carter. Can you step out here a minute?"

As Carter spepped to the doorway, Burrow leaped to his side and jammed his pistol against his head.

"I want your money and rifle," Burrow snapped.

Carter moved like lightning. Knowing that once he turned his possessions over to Burrow he was a dead man, the deputy reached into his pocket and pulled his .32-calibre revolver. Rube saw the movement, stepped back and fired. Carter was slammed back against the door jamb, firing as he lurched backward. Burrow's first shot ripped through his shoulder, shattering the nerves. Carter's gun roared four times at Burrow's retreating figure. The fourth bullet claimed its victim. It tore into the upper part of Burrow's stomach, severing the artery that leads from the heart to the liver. The outlaw gasped and crumpled to the ground. He was killed instantly.

The news traveled fast. The first bulletin was a brief item which appeared following the story of Burrow's capture in the Nashville *Banner* The story was datelined New Orleans. All the story said was:

New Orleans, October 8 — A special from Birmingham, Ala., says Rube Burrow the outlaw was killed this morning by Deputy Sheriff Carter, one of his captors. No particulars yet.

Carter, whose left arm was permanently withered and crippled in his face-to-face duel with Burrow, was at once acclaimed a hero. It took a great deal of courage to draw and slug it out with the most dreaded bandit of the day. But the news of Burrow's death was not cold before a storm of controversy clouded Carter's moment of triumph. Opinions were expressed that Burrow was actually murdered or lynched and that the duel was a farce. As in the case of John King Fisher of Texas, the newspapers were quick to pick up the controversial question and investigate it.

Immediately following Burrow's death, his body was taken through Birmingham on the train. and more than a thousand persons gathered to review the remains. One photographer took a picture of the body as it lay in the coffin, as probably did others. Prior to the train trip, a wagon dashed into Demopolis with Burrow's body, and there it was turned over to Superintendent Agee of Southern Express.

A crowd immediately gathered, and the rough pine coffin was placed on two beer kegs on the station platform. The morbidly curious filed by to take a last look at the bloody remains of the daring desperado. Many claimed to recognize the body as they walked past. The five-foot, eleven-inch, sandy-haired killer appeared unkempt and was wearing a beard two inches long. His clothes were ragged and rough, showing they had received much wear and tear. The hole in his abdomen was plainly visible.

Regardless of these facts, however, the Birmingham *Age-Herald* on October 12, 1890, published the following article concerning the facts in the shooting of Rube Burrow:

"Vernon, Oct. 10 ...Rube Burrow was buried today at Fellowship, a quiet country church yard several miles north east of Vernon. His toes now turn toward the setting sun.

The manner in which his body was packed in a rude pine box, his clothing covered in mud, his long hair and beard matted and tangled is a sad commentary on his captors. That was the condition in which his body was flung off the Southern Express car at Sulligent, at the feet of his aged parents and kinsmen. To say the least, this was an indication of heartlessness which bears a striking resemblance to the outlaw's own character.

An exhibition of inhumanity that would put to shame Rube's most daring deed. The civilization of this day and time should have prompted at least a decent regard for the respectable old people and the inoffensive brothers and sisters. From the source which condemned the notorious outlaw something more humane was rightfully expected.

Was "the duel to the death" a reality? Whether it was or not, the following facts have developed since the arrival of the body in this county:

1. Rube was not shot. The only mark upon his body of that nature is a cut on his stomach, where the ball is said to have entered, made undoubtedly by a lance or penknife, a straight, narrow cut which any ordinary penknife could have made. There was no sign of blood upon his body or his clothing.

2. The most careful examination of his coat and shirt showed no

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sign whatever of a bullet hole, or even a rent. It was an old and soiled garment, but substantial. A bullet could not have entered his body where the wound is, without passing through the shirt. The shirt is absolutely without a blood stain.

3. His neck was horribly broken. A dark blue mark about an inch wide around his neck indicated death by strangulation.

4. Just above his left temple was a large bruise the size of a man's hand, beneath which the skull was badly broken. On the right of his forehead was a similar bruise. There were other bruises upon his body which might be accounted for by the struggle with the Negroes in his capture. The other marks cannot. A man with a broken neck and a broken skull could not have accomplished, after that scuffle the remarkable feats attributed to Rube.

I do not wish to add anything to the sensational career of the man, but I have given facts without exaggeration, which, if they do nothing more, should at least call for an explanation. And in this connection it would be interesting to know: How was the skull broken? What caused the wounds on his face and body — one of the latter being of a character that cannot be mentioned here?

How was he shot in the manner as reported, without leaving a blood stain upon his body or clothing, and with no trace of a bullet through the shirt next to his body or his clothing? How was his neck broken? Do not these circumstances, in connection with the hasty and inhuman manner in which he was shipped to Lamar, at least give substantial coloring to the belief that he was mobbed."

The fact remains that Burrow's body was thrown from the train when it arrived at the station. Bloody, mud-spattered, bruised, the remains of the outlaw fell at the feet of his parents, a somewhat terrifying testimonial to the deep-seated hatred borne by the law for Burrow. But there is little doubt that Burrow possessed courage and daring which demands a certain amount of admiration. And the fact that his body was defiled in death leaves little wonder that the press was quick to champion the cause of the bandit-killer, vicious as he might seem.

Courtesy W.E. Carter, C.D. Carter's grandson

This gun belonged to Jefferson Davis "Dixie" Carter and was used by him to kill the outlaw, Rube Burrow, on October 8, 1890 in Linden, Alabama. It is a Smith & Wesson "New Departure" 3½ inch and is known as a Lemon Squeezer ... To the best of my knowledge, the slug was removed from my grandfather's shoulder and was fired by Burrow — W.E. Carter.

The story of Rube Burrow did not end there. Not satisfied with the vicious finale to his career, the law continued to badger Joe Jackson in an attempt to force him to testify against Rube Smith, both of these men members of the Burrow gang. He was finally approached on October 16, 1890, nine days after Burrow's death. Once again he flatly refused, reminding his tormentors of the scorn and hatred which others suffered who had betrayed their outlaw partners or comrades. He told the law to leave him alone.

On November 10, Jackson leaped from the fourth floor of his cell-block while awaiting his trial and was killed instantly. Perhaps the reason he jumped to his death lies in the fact that, a few days before his death, Jackson, alias Lewis Waldrip (his real name was Leonard Calvert Brock, born July 13, 1860), finally cracked and gave a full confession of his complicity in the Burrow holdups.

Not long afterward, Rube Smith was tried for his part in the Buckatunna robbery. Although serving a ten-year sentence at the time of his trial, the outlaw was tried in Federal Court. He received a life sentence despite the efforts of a brilliant defense attorney.

As for Burrow, his death even today remains a mystery. In retrospect, many of the facts revealed in the escape and death of Burrow are incongruous. It is strange that Burrow's ration bag was supposedly searched and yet within the night he made good his escape by means of a pistol hidden in that bag. It is equally strange that Burrow was never lodged in a jail cell but was kept in an open office guarded by two of the men who effected his capture. On the other side of the argument remains the cold fact that Deputy Sheriff Carter was permanently crippled in the reported deuel which ended the life of Rube Burrow. And finally there are the facts revealed in the *Age-Herald* and reported by a reliable and trustworthy newsman.

That story left open the possibility that perhaps Rube Burrow was lynched or mobbed.

Whatever the story, it is up to the reader to decide. He was one of the last of the great outlaws, a man whose name is now almost lost to history, dimmed by the legends which have grown around such famous bandits as the James boys, the Youngers, and Billy the Kid. He was the only desperado who ever held up a train single handedly, up to the time when Lone Bandit Bill Carlisle accomplished the same feat after the turn of the century. The first and last train robberies committed in Alabama were the first and last such robberies committed by Rube Burrow in that state.

In the end, one ironic fact in the almost unbelievable story of Rube remained. His career was ended not by the law — which hated him and had issued orders to kill first and ask questions later — but by the people. And it was through the cooperation of the people that Burrow had effected many of his escapes which so embittered the law officers against him. ●**RW**

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A MAN CALLED BAT

(continued from page 26)

Thompson drew his colt on Foy and ordered him to lie down on the floor while he shot out the lights. Eddie, paralyzed with terror, couldn't move a muscle. Ben, feigning murderous rage, bellowed, "Lay down, tenderfoot, or I'll splatter yore brains on the wall!"

Foy collapsed limply in his chair, resigned to violent death, just as Sheriff Masterson came rushing backstage to his rescue. Bat seized Thompson's wrist and thrust the muzzle of his gun skyward. "Don't be a damned fool, Ben!" barked the Sheriff. "What are you trying to do — ruin the show?"

Abashed, Thompson holstered his .45. "Never thought of that, Bat," he admitted sheepishly. "I was just foolin' with the scared little cuss."

The unpredictable Thompson was as friendly with Masterson as he ever allowed himself to get with anyone. The year before the Foy incident, at a dance-hall brawl in Sweetwater, Texas, Ben had come to Bat's assistance after the latter had been wounded in the leg by a jealous soldier who resented Bat's dancing with his girl. Masterson pulled his gun as he fell and shot the soldier through the heart. Comrades of the dead man rushed across the floor at Bat, but Thompson, a gun in either hand, held them off until Masterson could be removed from the crowded hall.

Yet Bat was no trigger-happy killer. Poised and mature beyond his years, he invariably tried to work out difficulties on a sensible man-to-man basis without gunplay, if at all possible. Veteran Kansans recall that the only time Masterson went gunning for a man with death in heart was when he avenged his brother's murder in April of 1878.

Ed Masterson, serving as marshal of Dodge in the temporary absence of Wyatt Earp, attempted to talk cowhands Jack Wagner and Alf Walker out of shooting up Front Street in old-time "hoorah" style. Walker and Wagner repaid Ed's consideration by blasting him down in cold blood.

Around the corner on Second Avenue, Bat Materson heard the shots that mortally wounded his brother and came running. He opened fire at 60 feet, and his first shot hit Wagner in the stomach and killed him. Walker got off one wild slug before Bat put him out of action with bullets through his lung and right arm. Walker staggered into the Lone Star Saloon and kept on going through the place and out the back door.

Confident that Walker was hard hit, Bat turned into Hoover's Saloon where his brother had been carried. Ed died without regaining consciousness, his head in Bat's lap.

Walker managed to rejoin his outfit and get down the Trail into Texas, where he died of pneumonia caused by the bullet hole through his lung.

Bat never mentioned that gunfight in later years except for one brief comment to his close friend, Billy Dixon: "I couldn't have missed hitting Walker and Wagner that day. I never shot truer or faster in my life. Even if they had drilled me through the heart, I'd still have got them both before I cashed in."

For a full month following Ed's murder, Bat Masterson strove to preserve order in hell-roaring Dodge, although his duties as Sheriff of Ford County did not officially include keeping the peace in town. Singlehanded, Bat did the best he could, holding down the lawless element until Marshal Earp returned from Texas. Wyatt and Bat were too tough a pair of gunhawks for the hardcases to buck, and red-hot Dodge quickly simmered down to its normal state of violence of not more than a killing or two a week.

After Marshal Earp returned to Dodge in mid-May to bolster Sheriff Masterson, nothing spectacular occurred in or around town until September of 1878. In that month the Cheyenne chiefs, Dull Knife and Little Wolf, leading a band of 300 followers, circled Dodge on their epic 1000-mile flight from an Oklahoma reservation to the Wyoming Powder River country they once called home.

Sheriff Masterson was quite content to let the Cheyennes go their way in peace, but the calf-brained girls in the Front Street brothels somehow conceived the quaintly romantic notion that the soldier-harried warriors were sure to raid Dodge just to carry *them* off into the unspeakable horrors of captivity. The girls held a meeting at the Long Branch Saloon and implored their customers and boy friends to ride gallantly forth to save them from this fate worse than death.

The squalling wenches had their way. Much against his better judgment, Bat led out a ragtag posse of saddle bums, bartlies, and a few Indian-hating Texas cowhands. Like Sheriff Masterson, none of the reputable citizens of Dodge City wanted any part of the foolhardy expedition. If telegraphed reports from Oklahoma were correct, nearly 100 Dog Soldiers guarded the fleeing Cheyenne village — and no Indians on the Plains were tougher fighters than the members of that fanatic warrior society. Masterson had fought the Dog Soldiers at Adobe Walls and later while scouting for General Miles, and he didn't relish the thought of meeting them again with a bunch of greenhorns at his back.

The bold posse clattered bravely down Front Street to the shrill cheers of the gaudy ladies of the evening, actually up before noon to see their heroic protectors off to battle the savage foe. Bat was so disgusted that he kept his eyes straight ahead until the posse reached the edge of town.

Once on the open prairie, Masterson waved his arm south and east toward the Arkansas River. If his fire-breathing Galahads wanted Indians, damn their diry hides, there was the logical place to look!

Incredibly, the outfit of bums and braggarts blundered smack into the band of fugitve Cheyennes that had successfully eluded, escaped, or fought off hundreds of cavalrymen in their swift flight northward from Darlington Reservation in Oklahoma. The Indians materialized suddenly out of the low, rolling hills along the river: women and kids atop skinny ponies, wounded braves, and exhausted and sick old people jolting painfully along behind the pack of horses in travois, grim-faced warriors riding alertly in the lead.

Recovering rapidly from his shocked surprise at actually running into the Cheyennes, Masterson shouted warningly to his eager crew, "Don't rush 'em — let 'em through!"

The Sheriff might just as well have called to the prairie wind. The girls back in Dodge wanted Injun scalps, didn't they? *Hi-yippy-yi — here we go!*

The Dog Soldiers met the posse's ragged charge with a single, withering volley that emptied a dozen saddles — then they charged in turn, yelling the blood-chilling Cheyenne scalp-cry. The terrified, surviving whites didn't wait to meet the warriors in hand-to-hand combat — they wheeled their horses in panic and hightailed it back to Dodge as fast as they could quirt their mounts. The bone-weary Indians didn't bother to chase them. Bat turned in his saddle

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to watch them disappear — hunted, haggard, infinitely pathetic — into the north. Troubled and thoughtful, the Sheriff jogged back to town behind his shattered posse to get teams and wagons to collect his casualties. The West, as he had known and love it, was changing rapidly. Soon he would have to leave it to make new plans for the future. Still a young man, he knew he would soon have to make a new career for himself or become one of the aimless frontier drifters he so despised.

Several weeks after the Chyenne scare, Masterson and Wyatt Earp were called early one morning to investigate a bizarre murder case. Dora Hand, an attractive young singer and protege of Mayor James (Dog) Kelley, was shot while sleeping in a house owned by Kelley. The killer, a Texan named Kennedy, fired two bullets into the house, hoping to kill Kelley with whom he had had a row. One slug killed Dora Hand, the other lodged in the wall near her bed. Not realizing his terrible mistake, Kennedy mounted his horse and fled down the Trail for Texas. Wyatt Earp and Bat Masterson chased he murderer 100 miles before getting into rifle range. They spotted the fugitive approaching a ford on the Cimmarron River.

Kennedy saw the pursuing lawmen and spurred his horse to make a run for it. Masterson fired his Winchester; Kennedy reeled in his saddle but clutched the saddle-horn and hung on. Earp then dropped the horse with a bullet behind a foreleg.

Masterson and Earp found that Bat's slug had shattered Kennedy's right arm. He was white with shock but still defiant when they pulled him from beneath the dead horse.

"Did I get Kelley?" he asked at once.

Earp stared at him in cold contempt. "You killed a woman, Dora Hand," rasped the Marshal, "Kelley wasn't even in the house."

Kennedy turned to Masterson. "You son-of-a-bitch!" he snarled, "You ought to have made a better shot than *that!*"

"Why, you murdering bastard!" gasped Bat, "I did the best I *could*!"

Back in Dodge, big money showed for Kennedy and he was freed for "lack of evidence". Kennedy's father, a wealthy Texas cattleman, took his son back to the home ranch. Dodge never saw him again.

In 1879 Bat's term as Sheriff of Ford County, Kansas, expired. He did not seek re-election. Restless, seeking he knew not what, he drifted first to Colorado and then, after a brief stay, on to Tombstone in 1880 to join other noted gunfighters who had made that wide-open Arizona mining town their headquarters. Wyatt Earp was already there as was Doc Holliday, the tubercular, gun-slinging dentist. Luke Short, dubbed "The Undertaker's Friend" because of his neat habit of shooting a man between the eyes and thus not messing up the corpse, had also dealt himself in on the action in Tombstone.

Masterson didn't linger long in Tombstone. He moved on to Texas and engaged the high-playing Texans in a marathon poker session in Fort Worth. Winning himself a good stake, Bat journeyed to Denver and opened a saloon and gambling club there. He remained in Denver until 1902, alternately dealing faro in his own establishment or bucking another man's game in a rival club.

This dead-end existence had long since cast a pall on Bat, but it was the only means of earning a living that he knew. Accordingly, he promptly accepted the chance to go to New York City and serve as personal bodyguard to railroad tycoon, George Gould. The millionaire had received several anonymous death threats, but with the celebrated Western gunfighter in constant attendance, the threatening letters and phone calls abruptly ceased, to be seen and heard no more. Gould half-seriously complained of the high salary — $300 a month — he paid Bat but privately admitted he was worth every dollar of it.

Masterson made contacts in New York that later resulted in an opportunity to begin a new career — that of a sports writer. Keenly interested in pugilism, he got a job as boxing writer on the *Morning Telegraph*. Bat displayed a natural talent for the sports end of newspaper work, and eventually he took over the editor's desk in his division on the *Telegraph*.

In 1905 President Roosevelt appointed Masterson United States Deputy Marshal for the District of New York. Bat guarded payrolls for the Gravesend race track until 1907 when, out of sheer boredom, he resigned his post. His sports-writing chores were developing into a big-time operation, and he was never happier in his life. Married now and a family man, Bat's only annoyances were the screwballs who persisted in regarding him as a gunfighter and killer. Accused of cheating by a disgruntled loser in a poker game, Masterson was arrested and deprived of his gun. Newspapers blasted him as a "gunfighting gambler and tough guy". It was reported in Manhattan sporting circles that Bat sued the *New York Globe* for libel and collected $3,500 damages in an out-of-court settlement.

Another weird character pestered Masterson for days, begging to see the gun with which he had "killed all those men I read about." Bat finally got rid of the pest by buying an old Colt in a pawnshop, filing 22 notches on the butt, and presenting it to him as a gift. Babbling with joy, the nut went away.

From 1907 to 1921 Masterson covered just about every big championship fight in the country, and he became widely known as an outstanding expert in the complex art of sizing up the champions and leading contenders in each boxing division. His writing improved and developed with years and experience, acquiring touches of wry philosophy and pungent wit. Bat made warm and lasting friendships with the sporting and theatrical greats of that colorful period, while never fogetting that he was "just an oldtime buffalo hunter and boomtown sheriff, lucky to get off the Plains without getting killed."

Masterson died at his desk on October 25, 1921. Scrawled on a scratchpad found at his elbow were these words, Bat's last amused and cynical comment on what he liked to call "this grand, lousy, unfair, cock-eyed business of living":

"There are many in this old world of ours who hold that things break about even for all of us. I have observed, for example, that we all get about the same amount of ice,. The rich get it in the summertime and the poor get in it the winter."

Perfect exit lines, these, for William Barclay Masterson. ●**RW**

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PRESIDENT WHO WON THE WEST

(continued from page 23)

The pot of political turmoil that would help send the courageous President to an early grave began to boil very early in his administration, and he stood his ground alone, single-handedly masterminding all of his carefully planned strategies to bring additions into our territories that would make the United States unquestionably the greatest and most powerful nation on earth.

The most surprised people of all those who read Polk's message were the British. During the confusion of President Tyler's term in office, they had been offered a settlement of 40° latitude plus the right to the perpetual use of the Columbia River, and they had turned it down. British officials in Washington had looked Polk over and decided that he, like Tyler, would be unable to do much on his own. Perhaps a "dark horse" president, with his party so deeply divided, would not even be able to hold the Oregon territory at all. Careful diplomacy might result in the whole thing falling into the ample British lap — and British diplomats knew how to bide their time. They simply did not realize that James Knox Polk was something new on the American political scene.

The British were in distinguished company in underestimating Polk. Leading members of his own party also expected him to be guided by one faction or another, but the determined President had other ideas. It would take a cool hand to control all the dissidents and bluff the British, but Polk, through long experience and native shrewdness, knew the game of politics as well as any man and was a fearless negotiator.

He had left no doubt in anyone's mind as to his intentions regarding Oregon when he said that "the British pretensions of title could not be maintained to any portion of the Oregon Territory upon any principle of public law recognized by nations ... We ... have reached a period when the national rights in Oregon must either be abandoned or firmly maintained. That they cannot be abandoned without a sacrifice of both national honor and interest is too clear to admit of doubt."

The next day Polk's office was jammed with nervous politicians demanding an explanation or a retraction of his statement on Oregon, plus a group of "fifty-four forty" men, who insisted on American rights to the whole territory. Polk pointed out that Tyler had offered much more than necessary and still had been refused, and that now the smart move was to call the British and compel them to make the next offer. It would never do to show any uncertainty. Polk reminded everyone that "the only way to treat John Bull was to look him straight in the eye ... that if Congress faltered or hesitated in their course, John Bull would immediately become arrogant and more grasping in his demands; and that such had been the history of the British Nation in all their contests with other Powers for the last two hundred years."

If Tyler's offer had not been made so recently, Polk would probably have tried to obtain all of Oregon, but such a demand made now would possibly precipitate war. In addition to the fact that nobody wanted a war, Polk was not at all sure that he could persuade a faction-ridden Congress to support one. He studied maps and charts of Oregon carefully and decided that the Columbia River had to be the key point of the negotiation. Free navigation of a river that extended deep into our own territories must never be offered to any foreign country, Polk felt. The boundary he would negotiate within reason, but not the use of the river.

With politicians and diplomats bombarding his ears every day with threats and warnings, Polk waited patiently for the British to make an offer. They did just as he expected, and the final settlement of the knotty Oregon boundary question, which had plagued the government for so many years, was settled permanently on June 12, 1846, just a little more than a year after Polk took office.

Meanwhile, of course, the other burning issues facing the Polk administration hadn't just gone away. Though conditional annexation had been passed early in 1845, a new crisis was developing in the move to bring Texas into the Union, with the effort to attach the Wilmot Proviso (that there should be no slavery in the new state) to the bill. Also President Sam Houston of the Republic of Texas had begun angling for better terms than had been offered before.

Polk, who was an old friend of Houston's from their days in Tennessee, put on a firm face again and sent word to the tall Texan that there would be no better terms forthcoming. Meanwhile, the President was disturbed by the Wilmot Proviso, noting that in our dealings with a foreign country there was no place for a domestic issue of any sort. Salvery or no slavery, he thought, should be decided after the territory became a part of the Union. He was profoundly relieved when the Proviso was narrowly defeated.

Houston also knew Polk, and after receiving the President's uncompromising message, the Lone Star Republic gave up negotiations with England and France, and on December 29, 1845 Texas was admitted to the Union.

President Polk had now put to bed two of our most serious controversies and had already been responsible for adding the present states of Oregon, Washington, and Texas to the Union. But the biggest challenge remained in his efforts to capture California for the United States. The British had had to give up their grand scheme of control of the whole West Coast, but California, sleeping in the sun, was still there just waiting to be plucked.

As an outer province of a deeply troubled government, undeveloped, unprotected and sparsely settled, it was bound to be picked up by one means or another by some enterprising nation, a rich prize — far richer than anyone knew at that time. To the British it represented a foothold on the Coast, a strategic location with a fine climate and possibilities for colonization and development of whatever natural resources were there. British ships hung off the Coast like hungry vultures most of the time, anxious to be there whenever the opportunity might arise to grab the place for the Crown.

But there were Americans in California, too; among them were John C. Fremont, and Kit Carson, and quite a few settlers from the States who were unhappy with the second-class citizenship allowed them by the Mexican government. Worried provincial officials overreacted to the unrest by clamping down even more severe restrictions on foreign citizens, thereby inviting an open rebellion which they would be powerless to stop. The situation in California was tense, to say the least.

Polk's earnest desire was to buy California from Mexico, but his minister, John Slidell, who was authorized to offer as much as forty million dollars, was not even received by the Mexican government, which was still smarting over the loss of

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Texas and making public statements to the effect that Texas was still a part of Mexico. Polk ordered troops to our side of the Rio Grande on what was then disputed territory, and war broke out in the spring of 1846 when some Mexican soldiers fired on the U.S. troops gathered there under General Zachary Taylor. The President had so far been able to avoid both war and loss of territories, but there was to be war with Mexico and there was no help for it. With or without the California controversy, Mexico was miffed over Texas and apparently wanted to fight.

The Mexican War meant a lot of things to a lot of people. To young bucks always out looking for a fight, it was a chance to get into one; to politicians it was an opportunity to get a commission and make a name that would be more attractive at the next election. Accordingly they crowded into the President's office as thick as flies almost every day, seeking commissions for themselves, their relatives and constituents.

Polk was disgusted by the greed and selfishness of too many public men, and his reluctancy to appoint politicians to positions which they had created in their capacity as congressmen brought about a whole new collection of particularly venal enemies. He also had his troubles with Congress itself, which was reluctant to support a rather unpopular war. Polk felt that congressional refusal to pass sufficient appropriations to support the war was contributing to the loss of life and would undoubtedly prolong the hostilities. Nevertheless, every effort was made by his enemies in Congress to fasten the blame for each failure and problem on the President's head.

Yet always cool under pressure, President James Polk took the measure of every issue in its turn and proceeded toward his goals with calm but relentless determination. Unfortunately his health was not as firm as his will, and the strain of his endless labors and the constant harassment he was being subjected to began to tell on him. Exhaustion and illness had to be fought as consistently as the British and the Mexicans.

Troubled by a gall bladder problem ever since childhood, Polk had as much of a fight on his hands in keeping his ailing body going as in aiming Congress in the direction he felt the nation should travel. His dark hair turned a milky white, and there were deep furrows in the thin face to mark the private battles he was fighting. Still he kept on going, a man with a dream and a fighting heart, determined to make it come true. Every day he studied the battle charts and maps, and in that era before telephones or even the telegraph had been invented, he directed the successful operations of a war more than a thousand miles from Washington.

Covering all the possibilities he could think of, Polk ordered Commodore Sloat to take Monterey, and this action, combined with the results of the Bear Flag Rebellion, foiled the British and placed California in American hands. Polk had also sent General Stephen Watts Kearny into Santa Fe to take that ancient stronghold, which gave up without a struggle. Yet under the returned dictator, Santa Anna, the Mexicans stubbornly continued the hopeless war.

Finally the Mexican government gave up the fight, and the elated Polk signed the proclamation of peace on the Fourth of July, 1848. By the terms of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, the disputed territory between the Rio Grande and the Nueces River, the territory of New Mexico, and Alta California were all added to the border of the United States. Combining these with Oregon and Texas, more than two million square miles of new territory had been added to our country within the one term of President James Knox Polk.

But the President was an eminently practical man, and he knew that winning these new lands and keeping them were two distinctly different problems. Texas was now a state, but California, Oregon and New Mexico would be vulnerable to conquest or revolution until they were officially made territories of the United States, with governments, courts, and some sort of law enforcement. Polk was well aware that ambitious countries, particularly Britain and France, would like nothing better than to snatch away one or more of these newly won territories, and he repeatedly urged Congress to create territorial governments for them without delay. There was a great deal of delay nevertheless, but Oregon Territory finally came into being in 1849.

New Mexico Territory was created in1850, the same year in which California became a state, but President Polk wasn't able to rejoice about these events, although he had expended some of his last energies to help bring them about. Worn out by exertion and illness, the former President, after riding in the inaugural parade with President Zachary Taylor, had returned with his wife Sarah to their home in Tennessee, where he was stricken by a fatal attack of his chronic malady and died in Nashville on June 15, 1849, just three months after leaving Washington. The former President passed away without ever having seen any of the vast western country which, largely because of his efforts, had become an immensely important and colorful part of the United States.

Some of Polk's political enemies made it their business to take all of the credit for his achievements, which he had managed to bring off in spite of them, and to these petty men we owe the oblivion into which this remarkable and worthy man has fallen. Their memoirs, echoed by many books written since, picture Polk as a colorless, ineffectual little man totally without imagination or fire, instead of the bold, fearless individual who was one of the few with vision enough to see that the great western territories could or should become a part of the United States, and the only one who was able to make it happen. The President who won much of the West for us is almost unknown today.

So the next time you find yourself riding in the clear air through the great open plains of Texas, dreaming under a turquoise sky in New Mexico's magnificent mountains, or losing yourself and your problems to the great waves that break on our rugged West Coast, you might want to give a moment's thought to James Knox Polk, a small, determined man from Tennessee, who wasn't afraid to think big. ●**RW**

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"Special Service For CHINESE MEN Only!"

By Clarence M. Fink

"They're worse than an endless plague of grasshoppers!" said one city official referring to the unwanted but constantly growing population of Chinese arriving by the hundreds on every ship from China that cleared the Golden Gate. They dumped countless numbers of them on the already glutted labor market of San Francisco during the early 1850's. Some sailing vessels even crammed a thousand Orientals in their holds, disregarding any health or safety measures, and seldom a ship docked that discharged less than two hundred of them on arrival.

Fast-talking American and international shipping agents in the teeming Chinese ports enticed many of the poor, starving and naive Chinamen with glowing and extravagant promises of the riches of California and its gold fields, so much so that these deluded Celestials sold their only worldly possessions, even their own daughters (young girls from the flower boats on the rivers), to raise money to book passage to the Pacific coast.

Their journey's end found them herded to the center of San Francisco into hovels built in the midst of garbage and filth where thousands of them would offer to eagerly work for a few cents a day. The Chinese soon learned to expect no justice for themselves in the city's courts, and they found none because of the prevailing feeling against them.

These somewhat docile foreigners were regularly beaten by the town ruffians, who cut off their queues, and at first didn't strike back in their own defense. One redeeming virtue of the Chinese was that they would help one another regardless of any or all circumstances.

As these across-the-sea natives became somewhat more Americanized while eking out an existence in their area of crime, they formed tongs and developed the use of hatchetmen, aggressive salaried slayers of these militant units. The Tongs learned to smuggle in opium and prostitutes. It wasn't too long before these knife-wielding Chinese began to terrorize the hoodlums of San Francisco, who quickly became more than willing to leave the Chinese strictly alone.

These men from the China coast became adept in the art of gangsterism and extracted tribute from their own shops and markets and ran large lotteries, the proceeds going to the demanding Tong organizations. Strange as it seems, no religious male Chinese wanted to die and be buried in California because one of their unusual customs demanded that they lie at rest in the ancestral grounds of China. To continue this foreign practice, these Orientals created five accounting companies which were as accurate as the F.B.I. in keeping track of all their countrymen no matter where they might be or roam in California.

The bones of every deceased native went through the same process of being dipped in brandy and highly polished to a shining gloss, and then carefully packed in specially marked boxes for their long voyage to ancient burial domains. Carted on ocean-going vessels, these strange cargoes represented one of the most exceptional kinds of large freight ever to pass through the Golden Gate during the Gold Rush.

Women were not held in very high esteem at the time, for one beautiful girl or woman wasn't considered worth a deformed boy or crippled man and definitely not rated for this type of burial. All females had to accept whatever interment they could get and by hook or crook find their own way from their mortal remains to a waiting, ethereal heaven. ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:
San Francisco's Chinatown by James Stephenson, San Jose 1932.

MORMON EXODUS

(continued from page 21)

they could to "gentiles" in the area for a fraction of its true value. What they couldn't sell, they gave away, or merely left behind. Homes, furniture, barns, fences, crops, livestock, and property were left behind as mute testimony of their faith in their prophet.

In addition, they gave their gold and silver to Brigham Young's messenger in order that arms and ammunition could be purchased for defense against the army from Washington.

To add further to their problems, the "gentile" miners in the surrounding country began to harass them by attempting to stampede their horses at night.

But at last they were assembled and ready to march across the vast desert wasteland to Salt Lake City.

Other parties from the surrounding valleys joined the train until they were 1,000 strong, with 150 wagons and huge herds of livestock.

They started out along the Emigrant Trail, the largest wagon train to head east on the trail since the settling of the west had begun.

To maintain their integrity, a halt was called a few miles from Genoa. At that point, all persons were ordered to pay their debts and settle all accounts before leaving the country.

In spite of the extreme fairness of the Mormons, they were once more harassed by marauding bands of "gentiles" when they reached the Humboldt Sink area. The marauders attempted to stampede their livestock and capture a few of them and the rest were driven off.

The following morning, those who were captured were given breakfast and then, much to their surprise, were set free without being harmed in any way.

The vast wagon train slowly progressed toward Salt Lake City throughout the month of October. Then, on November 1, 1857, they arrived in the Mormon Mecca. They had lost three children on the way. It had been an arduous journey of historical significance one that would profoundly affect both Utah and Nevada.

●RW

REFERENCE SOURCE:
PIONEER NEVADA Vol. 1; page 35.

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MAIL ROUNDUP

(continued from page 6)

full-blooded Brule and was doubly angry that he was placed in a faked picture and next to one of his traitors, Red Cloud. So please correct this error.

Have read REAL WEST since 1963 and still have all but three copies. Thank you for a good magazine.

Sincerely
Name withheld requested.
National City, California

We are aware that Crazy Horse never had a photo taken. In fact, in an early issue of REAL WEST, an article is devoted to this fact. The painting on the cover of the February 1973 issue was a representation only.

HAS BARBED WIRE TO SELL

Dear Sir:

I read your article in the January 1974 issue of REAL WEST entitled "The Silent Sentinel" about barbed wire. It was very interesting.

What I would like to know is where I can sell some of my old wire as I have a lot of it. It compares with the first strand held crossways in the picture on Page 76.

We like REAL WEST very much and hope you can help me.

Sincerely,
Douglas W. Blum,
Box E,
Owen, Wisconsin 54460

LIKES FORTS OF THE WEST SERIES

Gentlemen:

I've been taking your magazine for a good many years and I enjoy it very much. Quite often there are people in it I know, some personally. You have given a good many stories about different forts. How about one for Fort Apache? It was one of the last ones to be closed, if not the last. I believe it was closed in 1923. I haven't been there for about 3 years, but the house that General Crook lived in is still standing. I drove the stage into Fort Apache in April 1909. Keep up the good work, pard.

Respectfully,
Karl Fish
Box 206
Taylor, Arizona, 85939

INFORMATION ON ANCESTORS AVAILABLE

Gentlemen:

Many people write in and ask for information on their ancestors. May I suggest that they contact the Mormons who make a career of studying geneology. This is a library here in Phonenix: Church of Latter Day Saints, Geneological Society, 464 East 1st Avenue, Mesa, Arizona. In Salt Lake City the Address is 50 East North Temple. It helps if you have exact dates, name and birthplaces. Hope this will be of service.

Sincerely,
Malmer Anfinson
8427 W. Glendale
Glendale, Arizona 85301

WANTS CORRESPONDENTS ABOUT WYATT EARP

Dear Sir:

I have honestly enjoyed your magazine over the past few years. It is quite hard to obtain, but that makes it more interesting when I do get one. I am particularly interested in the Earp Brothers and Wild Bill Hickok, especially the latter. I have read a lot of books on these characters and collected a lot of information, a great deal of it through your magazine. I would like to correspond with any of your readers who share the same interests as I do, then I could learn more about these subjects.So thank you for a very good magazine. Hoping you'll print my letter, or put me in touch with anybody willing to write.

Yours sincerely,
Peter H. Sandt,
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"BARKING UP THE WRONG TREES"

By Clarence W. Fink

In the hell-roaring days of the Forty-Niners, the miners treasured their humor no matter how coarse. A practical joke, a brilliant hoax, or a clever, noteworthy swindle brought lasting fame to its originator and great notoriety to some towns and individuals.

The reminiscences long remembered by the old-timers with mocking laughter were the jokesters of genius who adroitly built their humor on human foible or frailty carefully executed by its author to bring an entire community to share in its laughter. This called for a rare touch of specialized salesmanship and a devilish, sly bit of lying by men known in the mines' vocabulary as "Pikes," usually wild hellions who swarmed into California from Missouri.

It was in the spring of 1850 when the news of a rich gold discovery at Downie's Flat echoed and re-echoed through the gold-seekers' word-of-mouth telegraph . That started a quick stampede to the headwaters of Yuba's north fork where the wild-eyed rumor messengers set the crowds hurrying to an incredible bonanza. There the miners were digging out at least a pound a day with butcher knives from the crevices under a rim rock. Rumors soon flew that Major Downie himself had taken out $3,000 in nuggets for just three days work. It was quite true that the original dozen discoverers had dug raw gold out of the river bank with iron spoons, all kinds of knives, and sharp-pointed utensils at their disposal. These gold hunters resented a division of their riches with any or all newcomers.

When the first group of these boomers appeared on the scene and commenced to lower themselves down the precipitous walls of the gorge to Downie's Forks, they weren't cordially welcomed by the men who had spent a hard winter staying and protecting their gold field. But it was at this point that Sol "Pike" Sellers of the original guard was struck with an ingenious inspiration. When he saw two newcomers, packs on their backs, crawling precariously down the trail, he leaped out of the soft dirt of the stream bed and started furiously prying into the bark slabs of a Jack pine with a long knife.

As the strangers came up, Sol loosened the rough shags of the bark and pushed two fingers behind it and drew out a fat gold nugget. The eyes of the newcomers popped wide open. Sol tackled another slab without looking back over his shoulder at his fascinated audience, and once again by a trick of legerdemain he brought forth another alluring stone of new gold.

"Look George!," ejaculated the short man to his taller companion, "I heard they was digging the yellow stuff out of the rock cracks, but the devil take me if he hain't plucking gold from the tree!"

"Hit gits lodged up thar when the trees are pushing through the ground," remarked Sellers casually, "Most of the big nuggests is up higher but hit's too dang much trouble to shin up the tree. Me, I'm jist satisfied to peck around nigh the ground."

Under the watching and believing eyes of these boomers, Sellers uncovered two more attractive yellow pieces. Unable to control their gold fever any longer, the pair of greenhorns whipped out their Bowie knives and started to work on another nearby pine.

"Hold on thar, you two!," commanded Pike Sellers, "Yore on my claim. Rule in this camp sez every feller is entitled to ten gold-bearing trees and that one belongs to me!"

In whining and excited voices, the two newcomers begged to be led to a stand of unclaimed trees. Acting reluctant, Sellers left off his work and directed the gold-fevered duo through the forest where the Jack pine of smaller growth grew.

"Go as high as you can 'cause it's better," bawled Sellers as the two reached the first limbs of their respective trees, "There's not much but flake gold near the bottom. I can't be responsible for any nuggests you drop, so be careful while peeling the bark!"

The gold-searching pair, with their packs on the ground beneath them and their knives in their teeth, raced each other up to the sixty-foot level where Sellers cautioned them to go no higher but to begin operating there. With exaggerated visions of all the nuggets they would pry from the pines, the duped pair vigorously attacked the trees while Sellers quietly slipped away to gather a crowd of miners to witness the farcical comedy he had so cleverly staged and produced. "Jack pine gold" thereafter became a synonym through all the northern mines. ●RW

Source: Open Roads Through the Northern Gold Mines, by Neil Nevers, Placerville, Calif, 1935.

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DELLE BARE

(continued from page 13)

time. Due to the suspected danger of attack, Tom had made it a mandatory rule that anyone spending the night at the cabin should take his turn at night guard, for the whites knew that a moment's could relaxation could mean the difference between life or death. The renegades, roaming the country from the Humboldt to Honey Lake and north to Surprise Valley and points east and west, were increasing monthly.

Despite Chief Winnemucca's protests of friendship, hit-and-run attacks persisted. Either he was powerless to stop them, or he turned a blind eye as long as he could get away with it. However, by 1865 the settlers of Surprise Valley tired of trying to farm with one hand while the other held a rifle to keep the redmen at bay. A plea was sent to the government for protective troopers to come and enforce peace. As a result, Camp Bidwell was established at the northern end of Surprise Valley in mid-1865. The nucleus of the troopers was drawn from Fort Crook over in Fall River Valley, over 150 miles to the southwest. This proved somewhat of a deterrent against hostile attacks, although lone riders and slow freighters were still plagued by ambushes.

One day the scattered settlers of the lower valley prepared to round up their cattle. Tom prepared to join his distant neighbors, as was the custom. "I doubt you need worry love," Tom told Delle, "What with the troopers here now, and you well-armed, you and the little 'uns will be perfectly safe, or I wouldn't leave you all day alone."

The little family watched Tom ride off, then the children played outside the door while their mother attended to her chores. Some time later, earshattering screams rent the air. Delle stiffened with shock, then snatched the youngsters through the door and bolted it. "Put that quilt down in the corner and you kids lie down and stay there!" she ordered, even as she slammed shut windows and bolted the shutters.

None too soon had she poured her supply of bullets onto the table, loaded and poked the muzzle through the loophole as the first ar-

(continued on page 60)

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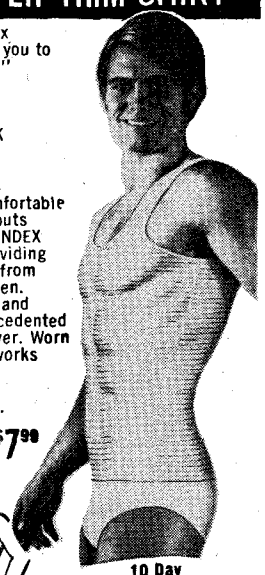

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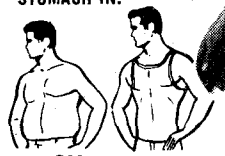

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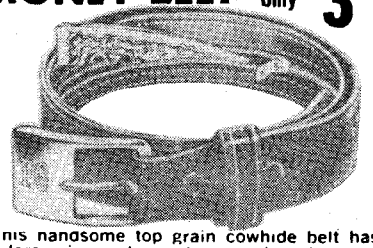

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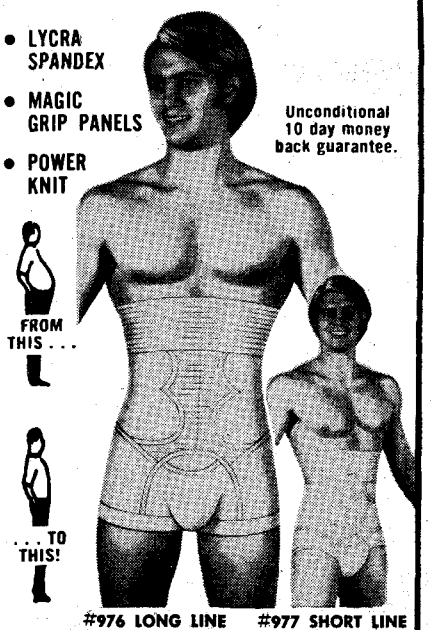

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SAM BASS

(continued from page 44)

remembered that their parents had harbored the desperado out of kinship loyalty, however misdirected. It was for the Lord to judge them.

Right after church services had been let out, word swept Round Rock that Sam Bass had been caught. He had surrendered peacefully to Rangers after having been found, spurting blood and jokes under a tree on a prairie north of town. There Frank Jackson had made him as comfortable as possible before riding off to make a clean escape.

The place was at least four miles from the Shannon ranch in the opposite direction. Once Bass had been captured, the mood of Round Rock started simmering down. And so did the mood of hostility toward those kinsmen of mine.

For all that bluster, no decent citizen would have picked up a rope to lynch a dying man. Nor would any have ridden out in a mob to raid a ranch sheltering little children.

Sam Bass was carried to a nearby farmhouse and placed on a bed. Ranger commander, John B. Jones, found a doctor to tend the shot-up desperado. A local citizen volunteered "from Christian charity" to nurse Texas' most wanted man. Matching word with example, the Reverend Mr. Aten, carrying a Bible, mounted his horse and rode forth, hoping for a deathbed conversion of a man whose life was now measured by hours.

But that man of God had no more luck than Cousin Maggie ever had in getting Cousin Sam to embrace religion. Neither would he answer any questions about his local kin or any of the men who had dodged along the back trails with him.

"If a man has secrets he ought to take them to hell with him," he gasped out to Major Jones.

Reverend Aten left sorrowfully. Next day, on his 27th birthday, Sam Bass died. "The world's bobbing around," he said, then closed his eyes. The date was July 21, 1878.

Preparations were made to bury Bass and Barnes at taxpayers' expense. Sorry Jim Murphy would go on back to Denton and commit suicide for his betrayal, about 10 months later. As the corpse of Sam Bass was being "laid out" somebody remembered that his local kin, the Shannons, should be notified of his death.

None of them had been seen in the crowds that had gathered around the farmhouse. None had visited him while his life had been ebbing away.

No Shannons were to be found, either, when a party of three or four men rode toward the ranch. Nighttime it was now. But no lamps glowed in the house. No dogs barked at the visitors. Nobody answered loud "hellos" shouted from saddles or knocks on the door from one man who was a deputy sheriff.

Carrying lighted lanterns, the group cautiously entered the house. Clothes had evidently been removed from closets and wall hangers. Pots and pans were missing from cupboards and the big iron stove on which Cousin Maggie had cooked the family's meals. Only one living thing was to be found in the house: an aged tomcat. For Maggie, like many other pioneer women, thought it was bad luck to move cats. But the family had undoubtedly taken their dogs.

A search was made of the surroundings. Outside were found some fresh wagon tracks pointing south. The men correctly guessed that the Shannons had headed toward their uninvolved family branch in Travis County across the cedar brakes. Nobody, law enforcers or townspeople, wanted to pursue them.

Sam Bass and Sebe Barnes stayed on in Round Rock, buried close together in a local cemetery as they had ridden together across the prairies and peaks of Texas.

The Shannons never came back.

●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Mrs. Pearl Hickman (deceased) - Family tradition.
Interviews with Round Rock pioneers (1936-37.)

DELLE BARE

(continued from page 57)

row thudded against the cabin. Delle's finger tightend on the trigger, and the blast of the explosion was followed immediately by a shrill scream. "One!" exulted Delle.

To her frightened eyes it seemed a horde of painted bucks pranced and yelled outdoors. But she sighted a victim coolly and fired, quickly reloading and aiming, time and again. The frustrated renegades retreated warily, respectful of this squaw's deadly aim. Arrows and bullets thunked against the walls of the stout little fortress as time passed and Delle's sharpshooting kept the attackers at bay.

Worriedly Delle eyed the handful of bullets left. Surely the men would be returning soon! With trembling fingers she laid aside three bullets ... this was the promise she and Tom had made ... that if ever need arose, she would not allow the babies or herself to fall into the hands of the Indians. Dave's horrible death would never be forgotten, a constant reminder of what had occurred at Deep Springs.

Now she was nearing the end of her ammunition. With tear-dimmed eyes she kissed her little ones. Stoically she took up the hot rifle. She was a frontier woman, and this was an accepted part of frontier living. Suddenly she became aware of the intense silence outside. Impelled to see what the red devils were planning, she rushed to peer from a loophole,. There was nothing to be seen! Then she heard the drumming of hooves ... the men were returning ... and in the very nick of time. Before she could reach the door, Tom was there, pounding and calling "Delle ... Delle ... it's me ... we heard the shooting! The boys are chasing the varmints!"

Though the settlers and then the troopers, who were hurriedly called to the scene, searched, no trace of the renegades was found.

As the news spread, Delle Bare found herself a heroine even in this country where women fought the Indians as well as their men as an accepted fact of life.

By the 1870's Surprise Valley was an established cattle, farm and fruit producing community. The army post at Camp Bidwell was renamed Fort Bidwell and continued to keep the peace. Their increased numbers served notice to all red men that they were to be reckoned with, although the Surprise Valley Paiutes were anxious for continued peace. They were trusted workers now on the various ranches, the men working as laborers, buckaroos, or wranglers.

The Bare station, a working ranch, remained popular with travelers, and five more children swelled the Bare household. In 1878 Tom and Delle sold their famous holding and moved some 40 miles north up the valley to Lake City, the first platted town in the valley.

Then tragedy began stalking this

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courageous couple. Two of their beloved children died, one in a tragic fire. Lame Tom brooded and grieved until one day Delle found herself a widow in 1888, with five children to raise alone.

Throughout the years of their busy lives, this capable and courageous couple had been accumulating loyal friends. In her time of trouble Delle found she was not alone. Fiercely independent, however, Delle insisted on carving her own way.

Her neighbors saw to it that she had firewood, beef and game. In return Delle traded her skills, for she was still an expert seamstress.

But tragedy was not done with this strong-minded frontier woman. One by one she lost her children until only one, a daughter, was left to her. In later life, crippled by arthritis, she was obliged to give up and accept a friendly neighbor's offer of a home. By then her daughter had married and moved away to Glenn County, California.

She was 80 years old when she moved in with Miss Celia Daniels to make her home in the white house on the hill a couple of miles south of Lake City. And it was for many more useful years that this well-known and beloved woman was to be known exclusively as Grandma Bare, until in 1929, at the age of 93, she passed away in Alturas, following a stroke. Today Grandma Bare is honored as one of Modoc County's early frontier heroines who, though greatly outnumbered by screaming, bloodthirsty renegades, kept them at bay singlehandedly until help arrived.

Although the famous Bare Ranch has changed hands many times since the 1870's, this historic homestead has proudly retained its identity with the past. It is still called BARE RANCH. ●**RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Interview with the late Irvine Grove, Surprise Valley historian and Modoc Record columnist.

Excerpts gleaned from Asa M. Fairfield's *Pioneer History of Lassen County, California.*

Fariss and Smith's *History of Plumas, Lassen and Sierra Counties.*

William Brown's *California Northeast,* a History of Modoc County.

Interview with Mrs. Mary Hughes of Cedarville and her daughter, Mrs. Jean Hughes Gorzell of Lake City, descendants of early pioneers. Idah Meacham Strobridge's "IN MINER'S MIRAGE LAND."

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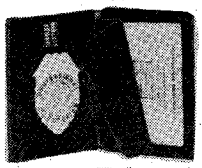

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Outlaw Canyon, by Lewis P. Patten
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He lived for two years in St. Louis and was well traveled, doing business in New Orleans, New York and Cuba. A hundred years ago when men still gathered around campfires and storytelling was a well-developed art, Chaves' exploits were known to all New Mexicans. But history has a capricious memory and his name became virtually forgotten. Around the turn of the century, Charles F. Lummis' flowery pen recalled brief attention to Chaves' life, and in 1927 he appeared as a minor character in Willa Cather's *Death Comes for the Archbishop* — but otherwise he was virtually forgotten. Alas, too few of our Spanish frontiersmen have been studied in depth. Manuel Chaves and his life should not be lost. This book takes care of that.

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

(continued from page 35)

in the chronicles of the Narvaez expedition in 1528. Nearly a month was spent in an Apalachee town, but being constantly harassed by the Indians the expedition moved to the coastal town of Aute. In October 1539 DeSoto arrived in Apalachee territory, staying there until the next winter in spite of the hostile natives.

The territory was occupied from time to time by the French then Spanish but did not receive much more attention until the tribes between this area and St. Augustine were missionized. In a letter written in 1607, the Apalachee asked for missionaries, and although visits were paid to them the next year, it was not until 1633 that missionary work was undertaken. In that year two monks entered the territory and conversion proceeded rapidly.

By 1647 there were seven churches and converts, and eight of the principal chiefs had been baptized. However, a rebellion also took place later in the year and three missionaries were killed, and all the churches with their sacred objects were destroyed. An expedition was sent against the Indians and the rebellion collapsed. After this, most of the Apalachee sought baptism and there was no further trouble between the Spanish and the Apalachee, except for a brief sympathetic movement at the time of the Timucua uprising of 1656.

The complaint on the part of the Indians was that they were being commandeered to work on the fortifications of St. Augustine. In 1702 a large Apalachee war party was defeated by the Creek Indians, assisted by some English traders; in 1704 an expedition from South Carolina under Colonel James Moore almost destroyed the nation. The people of three towns were carried away plus the greater part of a fourth; two towns and a part of a third were not destroyed, but many of the inhabitants fled to Mobile where, in 1705, they were given land on which to settle.

The Apalachee who had been captured by Col. Moore were placed near New Windsor, South Carolina, but when the Yamasee War broke out, they joined the hostile Indians and lived for a time among the Lower Creeks. Soon afterwards the English faction among the Lower Creeks made the Apalachee return to Florida. By 1718 another Apalachee

(continued on page 64)

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

(continued from page 62)

settlement was organized by the Spanish near San Marcos de Apalache, closer to their old country.

In 1764, the year after the Spanish and French possessions east of the Mississippi river passed into the hands of the English, the Apalachee, along with several other tribes, migrated into Louisiana which was held by the Spanish. They settled on the Red River, where they were joined by the Taensa and jointly occupied a strip of land between Bayou d'Arro and Bayou Jean de Jean. In 1803 most of this land was old, and the Apalachee, now reduced to a small band, moved about in the same general region until they disappeared. Only a few mixed-blood Apalachee are believed to be in existence, a few may have accompanied the Creek to Oklahoma.

The Mobile spoke a language closely connected with that of the Choctaw and were believed to be a Muskhogean tribe. They were located on the west side of the Mobile river, a few miles below the junction of the Alabama and Tombigbee rivers. For food they mostly depended upon farming. Clay images of men and women, believed to be objects of worship, were found in their villages. Their chief, Tuscaloosa, was an outstanding person and held great influence throughout the surrounding country.

He inspired his people to attack De Soto and his invaders, and on October 10, 1540 a terrific battle was fought for the possession of the fortified town of "Mabila". The Spanish losses were heavy, and about 2,500 Indians were killed or wounded. It is believed that the village of Nanipaca, passed through by the Spanish forces of Tristan de Luna in 1559, was occupied by the survivors of this tribe.

Later the Mobile may have settled near Gees Bend of the Alabama River in Wilcox County, because early French maps have a village called 'Vieux Mobiliens". When the French came to this territory in about 1700, they settled near the junction of the Tombigbee and Alabama rivers. When a post was established on the spot where Mobile stands today, the Mobile Indians moved nearer to it and remained there until the English obtained possession of the country. After 1761 little is heard about this tribe. They do not appear to have gone to Louisiana like so many of the smaller tribes, but some were probably absorbed into the Choctaw Nation.

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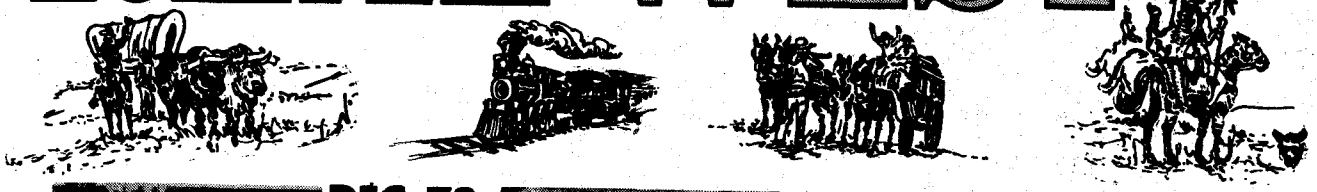

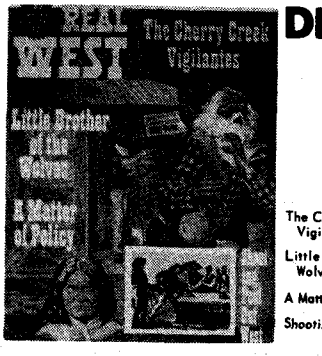

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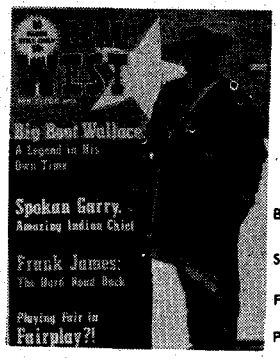

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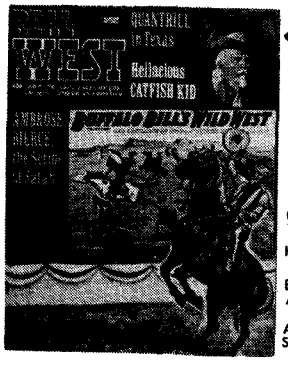

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An Important Message

To Every Man And Woman

In America

Losing His Or Her Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dryness of your hair, the itchyness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff — these are Nature's Red Flags warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

HOW COMATE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

The development of an amazing new hair and scalp medicine called Comate is specifically designed to control seborrhea and stop the hair loss it causes. It offers the opportunity to thousands of men and women losing their hair to bacterial infection to reverse the battle they are now losing on their scalps. By stopping this impediment to normal hair growth, new hairs can grow as Nature intended.

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But don't delay. For the sake of your hair, order Comate today. Nothing — not even Comate — can grow hair from dead follicles. Fill out the coupon now, and take the first step toward a good head of hair again.

Male pattern baldness is the cause of the great majority of cases of baldness and excessive hair loss. In such cases neither the Comate treatment nor any other treatment is effective.

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- WHERE HEALING WATERS ARE LOCATED (Page 95)
- A LIST OF HEALERS NEAR YOU (Page 204)
- ACTUALLY WITNESS THE HEALING PROCESS (Page 140)
- LEARN A SELF-CURE FOR CANCER (Page 32)
- YOU CAN BE A FAITH HEALER (Page 123)
- A MACHINE THAT PREDICTS A STROKE (Page 57)

Miraculous cures may be yours for the asking after reading this remarkable book. The described miracles are happening now, all around you, possibly in your own city or town. Have you wondered why miracle healings always seem to happen to strangers in distant cities or countries? MIRACULOUS CURES AND POTIONS changes all that by telling you, in many cases, where you can personally meet both the healer and the healed.

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Many faith healers perform their miracles in their own homes or apartments. They don't advertise; they don't put out signs; you have no way of knowing where they are.

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No matter how desperately you wanted to contact this amazing person you could not unless you were the one-in-a-million who learned about him directly from someone who had been cured.

YOU CAN MEET A HEALER FACE TO FACE!

There may be a miracle healer in your own community, ready if you have the need, to use his curative powers on you or on someone you know.

If you, or someone dear to you, is very, very sick — so sick that the **doctors have given up all hope** — help may be as near as the postman who delivers this book reporting life-giving miracles.

MIRACULOUS CURES AND POTIONS gives healers' actual addresses all across the country. **Don't be surprised if you see the name of your own street listed.**

This is a very detailed book, crammed with unbelievable **first-person testimony,** real names and current locations.

HEALING WATERS (Pages 78-79, 93-95)

We have all heard of Lourdes, the miracle water shrine way over in France where sick people lucky enough to afford the long trip throw away their crutches, tear off their bandages and experience a miraculous healing. There are places right here in the United States where, **eyewitnesses say,** healing waters flow freely.

Not at distant grottoes thousands of miles away, but in public streams where fortunate people declare that they were instantly healed of deadly, painful, crippling diseases — these waters are free to everyone, ready to be used by anyone who is desperately ill.

This amazing book tells you exactly where these healing waters are located (yes, there is more than one place) and how sick people testified they were miraculously cured by simply wading the healing streams.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

University trained Claude W. Galen traveled extensively in Canada, Mexico and Europe to gather material for this volume. A recognized authority, he has appeared on American and foreign television and is the author of several books on this subject. The mail response to his past writings convinced him that a truly definitive work on faith healing must be made available to the public. This book, written after months of first hand research, is the result.

WATCH AN ACTUAL MIRACLE HEALING!

Imagine, whether you are in good or bad health, going to the healing place and viewing a healing process first hand!

Up to now this has been a subject shrouded in ignorance and superstitious fear. Now the sick, the curious and the scholarly can benefit from this book. Read, for example, a fascinating first person account (Page 159) of a miraculous cure involving ordinary eggs! See documented photographs **predicting** where cancer will strike, and much, much more. MIRACULOUS CURES AND POTIONS keeps no secrets from its readers.

Author Claude W. Galen not only describes psychic surgery, trance cures, the tongues, miracle dentistry, blood cures, hypnosis and other forms of healing but, in many cases, tells you where they happen and how you can actually become a part of these little-understood processes. He reports on the strange Etheric cult who claim responsibility not only for miracle healing but for materialization after death!

SEEING IS BELIEVING

You will see actual photographs of healers showing how they achieve miraculous cures. Pages of pictures taken inside the healing rooms will let you **watch** how healing can be done with **bloodless surgery.** These are clear, unretouched photographs showing the amazing techniques used by miracle healers. Many remarkable photos include a machine that predicts stroke and a cancer forming inside the body. These pictures cannot be adequately described...they must be seen to be believed.

FINALLY, A CURE FOR CANCER? (Page 32)

A courageous woman's incredible story of how she cured herself of inoperable, terminal cancer. In one fascinating chapter this miraculously healed woman claims anyone can cure even the worst forms of stomach, intestinal and rectal cancer — **even making exterior sores and ugly growths disappear** — WITHOUT SURGERY OR DRUGS.

By simply following her detailed directions this amazing woman tells how you can cure cancer in your own home! She explains her theory of how the body itself is forced to attack and consume cancerous cells, leaving only healthy tissue.

Find out how the **Seven Doctors of Nature** operate through magnetism and how your discovery of their existence can contribute greatly to your health.

YOU CAN BE A FAITH HEALER! (Page 123)

Learn, in this fact-filled, documented volume, how you can take courses in faith healing at home even though you have a very limited formal education. Imagine possessing the gift of healing. YOU CAN, according to the many once "ordinary" people who give testimony in this book. Medical doctors, when they can't cure a disease, admit that often there is "something" that heals the incurable. Many call that "something" faith, but just having faith is not enough.

FAITH IS NO GOOD BY ITSELF

To be healed . . . you must have faith. But faith itself is not enough. You must also find that **magic healing place** or a special power exerted through one person to help heal what has been diagnosed as uncurable. The author of MIRACULOUS CURES AND POTIONS decided to seek out these often shy, gifted practitioners and have them tell of their healings and let him reveal to you where they can be found.

A MACHINE THAT PREDICTS CANCER (Page 57)

A medical doctor has discovered a machine that takes much of the terror out of every woman's fear of breast cancer and every man's dread of a fatal stroke. This space-age electronic breakthrough has the ability to **predict** deadly cancerous tumors before they form. Not only predict, but through a special process, **actually show photographs** of those parts of the body where cancer or a stroke is most likely to be forming. This book contains these amazing photographs.

This doctor shows you where a potentially fatal disease may strike and offers a series of treatments that will head off the dread possibility. The medical man is performing his "miracles" right at this moment. Learn where he is, how you can contact him, and details of his treatment in the pages of this book.

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- You can share the mystery of these healings.

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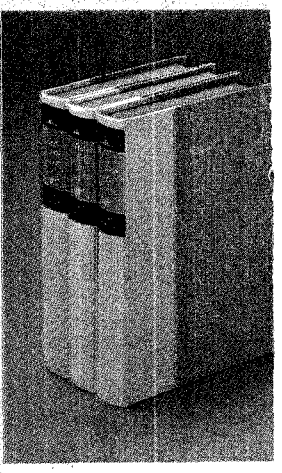

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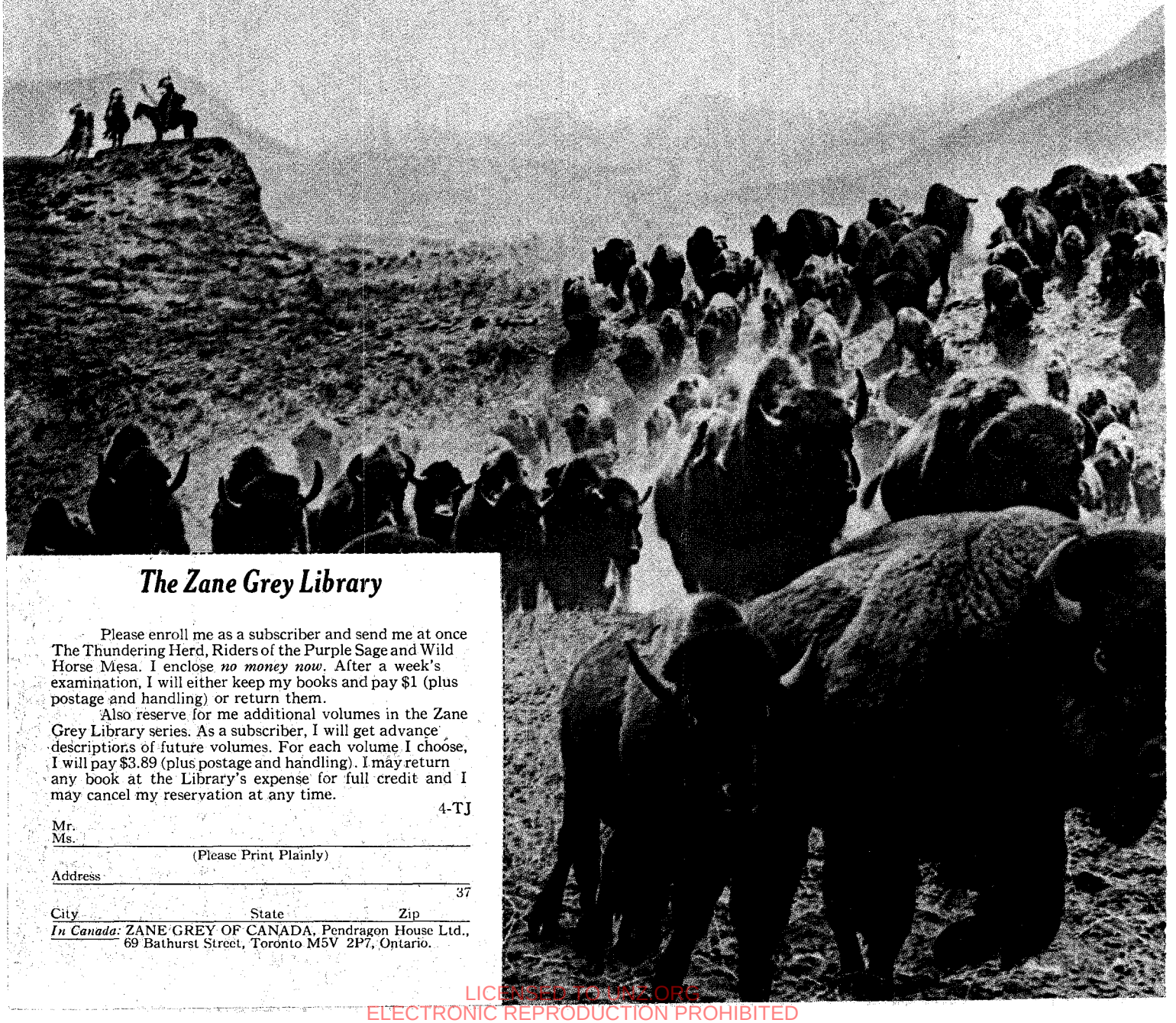

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